The Leader

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—Humboldt's Cosmos.

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News of the Week.

Lord Palmerston is no longer Foreign Secretary; Earl Granville is appointed to the vacant post. What then? asks the Public. We are not yet able to answer. The removal of so important a statesman as Lord Palmerston, and the substitution of a statesman whose importance is entirely a matter of the future, has not so much taken the public by surprise as left it without explanation. The press helps us to an explanation on the dry facts, but gives little insight into the spirit and matter. We are not told who has brought the change about. The *Times*, celebrated for its immortal saying on another occasion—"The Queen has done it all"—now only treats us to negatives. It denies that Lord Palmerston's expulsion is due to Lord Grey; avers that "last Monday morning Lord Grey and his connections were, like most of their colleagues, ignorant of the object for which the Cabinet had been summoned to meet." Even of the Premier, it is only said that "Lord John Russell has *sanctioned* this change in an important office of his Cabinet." The *Times* combats the notion that Lord John's Government will be weakened by the change—it is to be strengthened, apparently, by some "new blood." "Negotiations for the improvement of the Government have failed," says the Leading Journal, more on one ground than any other—namely, Lord Palmerston's occupation of the Foreign-office. As to the conduct of Foreign Affairs, henceforth the Premier "will be led to take a more direct and active part in these important transactions. Such was the invariable rule of this country in former times, and to that rule and practice Lord Palmerston was himself subjected during the most brilliant and successful part of his own administration, under the late Earl Grey." "As the case has stood of late years, Lord Palmerston's colleagues divided with him the responsibility of his proceedings, without sharing an authority which he exercised to a great extent beyond their control."

In spite of its confident tone, the *Times* evidently lives in dread of some alliance between Lord Palmerston and "the Democrats." They are warned to ascertain his opinions before they adopt him, especially on the subjects of Reform, Corn Laws, and constitutional liberty in France. And *he* is warned not to enter into a hopeless and unprofitable course of agitation: "His long experience and his past services forbid him to engage in factious opposition;"—and, "the good sense of the country would resist an appeal to its passions, in direct hostility to the cause of peace and order throughout the world."

So writes the journal which has evidently been favoured with the fullest and most direct official information: the others do not add very much to its disclosures. Retrospective and critical, the *Daily News* calls to mind the irritation in Vienna at Lord Palmerston's coquetting with the refugees in London and his advances towards Kossuth; the disapproval, at the English Court, of his language about "bottle-holding" and "nationality" to the Islington and Finsbury deputation, so insulting to Austria and Russia; Lord Palmerston's applause of Louis Napoleon's usurpation; and then the *Daily News* adds "another circumstance" as conducing to his disgrace: "This was the discovery by Louis Napoleon's police agents, employed in the arrest of Cavaignac and Changarnier on the night of the 2nd of December, of a voluminous correspondence, in which the British Government or its representative, Lord Normanby, had very freely recorded its admiration of, and hopes in, the Republic, and the utter contempt in which it held the pretensions and character of Louis Napoleon."

The *Morning Chronicle*, if we rightly interpret it, hints that Lord Palmerston has been cast off by his colleagues, because he was not prepared to yield to the combined demands of the Continental Powers a "Confederacy," about to include even France, and headed by Austria and Russia, who "have demanded that British hospitality shall no longer be accorded to political refugees of all nations and all classes, but that such of these as shall be proclaimed 'dangerous,' by the *de facto* rulers of their respective countries, shall be forthwith driven from our shores." This would throw a totally new light on the whole position; but the *Chronicle* is at present writing in the interest of Lord Palmerston. And it hints advice the exact converse of the warning from the *Times*,—that the Liberals in the House of Commons should look to Lord Palmerston as a head.

The promotion of Lord Granville, from being Vice-President of the Board of Trade to be Foreign Secretary, leaves vacant two places which he held—that of Vice-President, and that of Paymaster of the Forces; both of which will have to be filled up. But further vacancies are expected. Sir George Grey, for example, is supposed to be in a state of health which may preclude his continuance in active work. And the hints incline to a coalition. No reliance can be placed on such hints: they are precisely of the kind that would be suggested to any political quidnunc by the obvious facts; and the plans of the official party are kept dark. Some are anticipating an accession of Peelites, and go so far as to think that Sir James Graham would join the Whig Ministry! Others look for an infusion of middle-class blood, and expect that Mr. Cobden will have one of the places vacated by Lord Granville. Will it be that of Paymaster of the Forces?

Meanwhile, Lord John Russell has incurred the grave displeasure of the Manchester Reform Conference. Our readers knew that he had declined to receive the Manchester deputation, on the ground that it would be "inconvenient" to receive representations from a particular place on a measure interesting to the whole country; but the Manchester people justly regard that excuse as "fudge." The Chancellor of the Exchequer continually receives deputations from particular places on matters vitally interesting to the whole kingdom. And the Manchester people "resolve" that Lord John's reply is—not "evasive," they waive that *true* description, on the score of courtesy—but "most unsatisfactory." The Manchester overture to support the supercilious scion of the House of Bedford, therefore, was useless; and Lord John does not scruple to tell Manchester to mind its own business. He will hear more of that next session.

The manufacturing districts are threatened with a "strike" of workmen, and there is much discussion in the *Times* upon the subject. On one side writes "Amicus," whose view the *Times* adopts; on the other, Mr. W. Newton, an intelligent leading member of the Council of Amalgamated Engineers. On the one side it is asserted, that the "Trades' Unions" are demanding of the manufacturers to cease overtime, to employ none but Unionists, and to equalize wages. On the other side it is averred, that the workmen make no such demand, but only dictate the terms on which they shall work *themselves*. They have a perfect right to do so. Masters conspire to keep down wages, and to keep up the time of labour; and it is quite right that the men should conspire for the opposite objects. The *Times* and its correspondent seem to be reciprocally mystified, especially the Leading Journal. But we hope to be in a position to deal with the facts more completely next week.

Louis Napoleon, in his cool, silent way, is still reposing on bayonets, duly flanked with cannon and cavalry. He is *elected* by a large majority,—if we may believe the reports of his creatures. But with Paris, with France in a state of siege; with no opposition candidate; with Rome on his side, terror on his side, all kinds of dishonesties on his side, backed by a hireling press, surrounded by the "Elixir of the Blackguardism" of France, who can put any faith in the election return of the 20th of December? The means of procuring the return of M. Bonaparte have been so scandalous, so utterly regardless of all moral, all written and unwritten law, so obviously in the interest of the despots and the Jesuits, that no sane man can believe that the recorded votes of the French People represent the *choice* of the French People. The election is a sham as an election; a terrible reality for Europe. There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous—but one step from the 18th Brumaire to the 2nd of December. But the end is not yet. France waits.

On other points of the Continent almost every political movement seems regulated by Parisian politics. Austria supports Louis Napoleon, even excluding Belgian newspapers which denounce the coup d'état. Austria casts angry glances towards Piedmont and Switzerland. Hanover is endangered. Bonaparte covets the Rhine provinces and Savoy to round his empire. Russia has everything to gain, nothing to lose. How would the City like to hear that a European Congress was going to

disturb the "settlement" of 1815, and England not consulted? Yet such may be the next news.

The Anglo-American Alliance prospers. On landing in America, Kossuth had delivered some stirring sentences on the effect of the American banner in Europe; and his words were calculated to have a powerful influence in extending the idea. He had, be it remembered, only just begun. On this side of the Atlantic, the Anglo-American Alliance is not only becoming a standing head in the Leading Journal, but is received with favour wherever it is mentioned. Ministers have as yet made no sign upon the subject: we almost hope that they may not "adopt" it!

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

Paris, Wednesday, December 17, 1851.

My Dear Friend,—Since I last wrote you a few hurried lines, my time has been very fully occupied in visits and in conversations equally pleasant and profitable. For the first few days after my arrival here, it was impossible to think or to speak calmly of late events. How can (I do not say a susceptible and impressionable being, but) any man of commonest human feeling, spin cold and well-balanced phrases, or draw patient conclusions, or well weigh the pros and cons., the reasons and the apologies, the better and the worse, or accept irreparable facts, as if they established a right and a sanction in the place of fraud and cruelty, whilst the air was still heavy with the smoke of musketry, and the gutters of the streets still ran with blood of murdered citizens?—murdered by drunken savages, disguised as soldiers, in the name of Order and Religion.

You know how how I abhor and abjure civil war: how, even to weakness, I have ever refused to justify the appeal to force, even in the defence of freedom: how from having seen I have learned to dread and detest this sudden rending asunder of a family of fellow citizens divided against itself in a deadly struggle. You have heard me speak of those frightful and unhappy days of June '48, as an eyewitness of civic bloodshedding the most cruel! You bear me witness that I have never spoken nor written one word but in execration and contempt of that revolutionary violence which is, in the very moment of its triumph, the beginning of the reaction; which subverts but never sets up, which founds nothing lasting but disturbance, which leaves no fruits but misery and vindictiveness.

Yet are there moments when peace is death and tranquillity servitude: when to resist is the first of duties, and to yield the last of degradations. So then, why should I be ashamed to confess that I was struck to the heart as if by the pang of a private and personal grief, when on my arrival I found Paris *quiet:* shops open, business resumed, circulation free, the Boulevards crowded with reckless and idle loungers, sight-seeing and making holiday in the streets where, but the day before, their brothers and friends had been butchered by the new Janissaries of M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, who to the ferocious habits of desultory war imported from African campaigns, added the stimulants of burning liquors and brutal and perfidious instigations? Yes; there, where innocent men, women and children, and inoffensive strangers, had been shot down like sheep at the doors of their houses, where poor working girls had been surprised by grape-shot in upper rooms, where all who escaped death have been outraged and insulted by an army of bandits and assassins—*there* were men and women laughing and *sight-seeing* and making holiday! Yet was there a kind of bewilderment as of terror, indignation, and impotent humiliation, on many faces as they curiously gazed and wondered and recounted the deeds and accidents of M. Louis Bonaparte's "glorious days of December," *his* day of Austerlitz, *his* day of Coronation!

To see this fair city and this noble people lying down under so base a yoke of perjury and blood was a bitter and despairing sight. I had nearly returned to England on that Saturday night; but a thought that to be here at this time, in this sudden and awful silence of all freedom in the midst of this terror and violence, suspicion and proscription, was my message and duty, and perhaps might even be some slight consolation to our friends, decided me to remain. I think I may confidently say that not a moment of my time has been lost. Not a moment but has been fruitful in study, observation, and experience. I have never, having known France so long and so variously, known her social and political condition so intimately as now, after these few days, in which it has been my privilege to talk, with delightful confidence and unreserve, to some of the most eminent hearts and intellects of this country so exuberantly rich in intellectual gifts and illustrations; to listen to some of the best and noblest, now condemned to silence, if not to the solitude of prisons, by the usurping despotism; to hear them (whose names you know so well) unbosom their own noblest of sorrows, and lay bare the causes of their country's degradation, with all that convincing accuracy of thought and charming felicity of expression which you recognize in their writings. I have visited men of all parties, and sections of parties, in order to form an unbiased and independent judgment, not on M. Bonaparte's crime (for that it is a crime, and a most heinous crime, who can deny?), but on its causes and its consequences.

I shall bring back with me to England a full store of the most valuable reflections, and a thorough practical insight into the tendencies of certain great movements which now divide Europe. I know the undercurrents of what was before to me but a confused and turbid stream. I think this stream will yet flow clear to all the world as it does to my hopes already. But I must be brief. The first day of the revolution, the bourgeoisie were not more in consternation than in anger, at the imprisonment of their favourite *generals* especially. The working classes took it well, even gladly. The Assembly "Ces gueux là, avec leur vingt-cinq francs"—caused them no regrets. Then the restoration of universal suffrage, and the Royalist plots destroyed. Then "he does it all for the *Republic*." The second day, finding that the voting was to be open and registered (as in 1804) they were suspicious and angry. Then the chance of a general insurrection was, for a moment, very menacing; but L. Bonaparte, by a second decree, returned to the secret voting. This, though regarded as a concession and a weakness, appeased the people, who were quite indisposed to fight, and they stood still. In the night the barricades were raised by the police. The real insurgents were entirely men of the easy classes of society, taking arms in a burst of indignation: men of enthusiasm and desperate resolution.

The Elysée had been appalled by the calmness and sullen submission of Paris: M. Bonaparte and *his* were determined to have an insurrection, or at least to shed blood; so on Thursday, as you know, the general massacre took place all along the Boulevards, in the best quarters of the town. Very few shots were fired from any windows, and they were by agents of the police. I have already described to you the rest, and you have seen, doubtless, many published and private letters. I can tell you that in the Cercle de l'Union, the most aristocratic club in Paris, of which our own ambassador is a member, a general massacre would have taken place if it had not been for the accidental presence of a Bonapartist general. The soldiers said that shots had been fired from the windows: they fired a volley in return, and then burst into the rooms with their naked swords. But I might fill quires with similar instances.

But I hasten to the actual situation. It will be for me, when I return to England next week, to write calmly and leisurely a series of papers on the probable results of this military revolution. I now send you merely a *précis*, of which you will make what use you will. What I write is the result of many conversations with men of all parties and my own deductions.

First: Don't believe one word of what the French papers say. No paper is allowed to publish an article that has not been submitted to, and approved of by the Ministry of the Interior. No paper at all independent contains any original matter. De la Gueronnière, who was a Legitimist in '47; a Republican in '48; a Socialist in '49-'50; is now an out and out Bonapartist in '51. Lamartine has written to protest against and withdraw his name from *Le Pays*. E. de Girardin has *entirely given up La Presse*, which is now Bonapartist—and edited by Perodeaud, who is not a political man, and since '48 has not written in *La Presse*. The other former editors leave it also.

The Government papers (and, as you see, they are all Government papers, either active or passive, at this moment) not only fabricate news from the provinces, of atrocities committed by *Socialists*—but forbid all *rectifications*. These accounts are horribly exaggerated, *e. g.*, a château in the departement du Gard was said to have been pillaged and burned: a friend of mine has a letter from the proprietors, saying, not only that it is not true, but that the *Republican* mayor of the adjoining town had offered a guard of men in case of disturbance. But, said the writer (though their stories are not true about *our* department), they are about the others! *i. e.*, what I know is not true—what I hear of only, *is* true. So much for hearsay evidence.

In another case, where the insurgents had possession of a town for sixty hours, they only stopped the Government despatches and besieged the *Mairie* for arms. The Mayor, a violent Bonapartist, resisted and shot a man in the crowd; whereat, of course, they returned the compliment. But no further lives were lost. Yet here the Government spoke of the most frightful murders having occurred. From another department, a *Curé* writes to contradict the report of his having been treated with violence.

Whenever crimes have been committed, it has been of course by villains who have no connection with any political sect or party, who had no opinions, but who take advantage of times of trouble when an *outlaw* is the chief power in the state, to follow his example, to stalk forth from their hiding places, and commit violence and rapine. They are for the most part liberated convicts, *sometimes*, perhaps, *starving* peasants, who have had a dim notion of 1852 as the year of "restitution of all things," but no political connection at all. On all this the Government has traded, crying to all the winds, Religion, Family, Property. Dr. Véron, the most disgusting of crapulous quack doctors, physically and morally; A. de Cesena, who in '48 was a disciple of Proudhon; G. de Cassagnac, who was convicted of swindling some years since, and was the hired advocate of slavery; De Morny, who lived with another man's wife, &c.

The working classes are so disenchanted with revolutions, that they have not budged this time; they accept of no leadership or alliance; they hold by the Republic, and wait to see what Louis Napoleon can do for them; they say he is better than monarchies, and that he *must* do something for them. When some of the leaders of the Mountain endeavoured to rouse them in the Faubourgs, they would not open a door to receive them; they remained at home. The secret societies did not move.

Do you know what the new Constitution is to be?

A Senate of eighty members; twenty named by Louis Napoleon; twenty more by the first twenty; the other forty by the first forty.

An Assembly of 300 members; one for each of 300 electoral districts; each district naming three, and the Executive choosing one of the three! Did you ever hear of such a monstrous farce?

So I have heard the new institutions described as "Universal Suffrage and no Elections." It is sheer Absolutism; and the People begin to ponder sullenly thereon; they are allowed to vote their own suicide; voilà tout! The opinion of the most farsighted of the Republican party is, that he should be allowed to have his fling, to use himself up; that he must originate democratic measures to stop where he is; and that he cannot do so, even if capable or disposed, without raising a storm of opposition; that he cannot go to war for fear of a successful general; and that nothing is so revolutionary as a long peace; that it would be a serious calamity to France if he were to be shot, as nothing but violence and anarchy could succeed him as yet; whereas, during this interval of silence and compression, the Republican and Liberal party will organize itself, will study social questions, heal their own divisions, and prepare a programme for the future; that it is the last agony of Bonapartism; and that when Bonapartism is used up, nothing remains but the *pure* Democracy.

The *Parti prêtre* rally to him, for he sells education to them; the Legitimists pure abstain from voting; the pure Orleanists ditto; but the mass of the bourgeoisie, who voted for Caussidière with enthusiasm in '48—and would accept the Cossacks to-morrow for peace and quietness—will vote *for him*, in order to have tranquillity and a gay season, and order and prosperity, as they, poor short-sighted dupes, imagine! As if we, too, did not desire *order* and prosperity; but an order based on liberty—and a national, not a *class*, prosperity.

He will be elected; perhaps not with so many votes as in '48, but with an overwhelming majority over the *noes*—for there is no other candidate. Then his difficulties begin—when he has asserted his rights and they are exchanged for *duties*. What! with a system of compression which never has succeeded in 1789 or in 1814, under the Empire, Restoration, or Louis Philippe; and with his *solidarity* with Russian and Austrian Despotism abroad, and an exacting Democracy at home, financial difficulties and ambitious generals, and the chance of a shot! Assassination, always detestable and vile, would, as I have said, be here a fatal dénouement. But it is to be expected and to be feared. He says he expects it himself. But he also says he has his mission to accomplish; and he believes in his star. This is his fixed idea. Ambition is his sole motive—whether he may do great or good things remains to be seen. I cannot think so, nor do our friends here. But I ought to say that there are Liberals who say that *his* intentions are really honest, but he is badly surrounded.

I hear from those who know him that he is working very hard now in preparing his measures, which are to be a sort of Absolutist Socialism. I confess I think you may describe the new phase of Government now opening in France, as a "*military despotism, tempered by religion and debauchery.*" We have heard of a despotism "*tempéré par les chansons,*" and another "*tempered by epigrams.*" Let me tell you how proud and happy I am to find the attitude the best of our Press are taking. It is the consolation and the joy of all men of heart and intelligence—of all who love freedom here—it is, they say, their only consolation now to read the English papers. The *Times* especially is nobly atoning for its former Austrianisms, It is doing mighty service towards an Anglo-French alliance when the *Federation* of the Peoples shall arrive.

I wind up as the post time is come—by this word—don't despair of the good cause. Keep liberty and Socialism free from all taint of crime and violence, and remember that Peoples, as I said before, survive *coups d'état*.

Paris, Thursday, December 18, 1851.

My Dear Friend,—The friends of M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte represent him as really animated with the best and most honest intentions: they do not deny his ambition, which they say is overruling, and quote the mainspring of all his words and acts (he "believes in his *star*"); but it is a noble and sincere ambition to complete what his uncle left unaccomplished in public works, and in the *organization* of the Democracy. One who knows him well tells me he said, only a few days before the *coup d'état*:—What I desire to do is to "comprimer les hautes classes; améliorer les classes pauvres." One of the diplomatic corps heard him make use of very similar expressions only the other evening at the Elysée, as he was standing in the midst of a group of generals. In fact, he contemplates a kind of Absolutist practical Socialism; *i. e.*, social ameliorations carried out by the initiative of his own central will, instead of by the People themselves. How they will suit his foreign alliances (for he is mainly supported by Russia and Austria) it is not easy to say, though I am assured that, "malgré les apparences," no such alliances are yet formed or forming. This I take the liberty not to believe. To me, indeed, it seems that a European plot exists to get rid of, I do not say Democracy, but even Constitutionalism; and in this case M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte will have to provide for Belgium (a very uncomfortable neighbour, not only in literary piracies but in political liberties) as Austria for Piedmont. But will England suffer this? Then, again, how will "les hautes classes" in this country—the bourgeoisie, merchants, proprietors, &c., who are now so anxious to rally to him as the saviour of property, &c., &c.—enjoy his policy when he turns round upon them and strikes all realized property with a heavy tax, removing taxes and tolls which press on the working classes? I do not now dwell upon the multiple elements of opposition which are only now dormant, and which, as soon as ever his authority is established with the semblance of stability, will be sure to revive: I mean the Legitimists, who are certainly a small body, but very obstinate and very compact (their cause is utterly *impossible* in France, of this I am now more sure than ever; but it exists as an element of opposition), and the Orleanists, who are a very large body, and would prefer Joinville to any Bonaparte. I need not say how utterly baseless and untenable an Orleanist monarchy would be; but it must be confessed, and is now more than ever acknowledged, that, notwithstanding all its manifold corruptions, France enjoyed a very fair share of liberty under Louis Philippe—and the Revolution of February was very imtempestive.

Others—neither friends nor enemies of M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte—say that he *will*, when once established, institute large Democratic measures—not disinterestedly, but because he *must* do so, for he is condemned to *peace*, and what is he to do with an enormous army debauched by the wildest promises and instigations, and with a lot of generals who are already (I assure you) beginning to *dispute his succession?*

Not being a soldier, too, he would be a fool to go to war, as the first successful general would turn his éclat against him and oust him; for he is not a *General* Bonaparte, though he often wears a cocked hat and uniform—it is the National Guard—and as to his decorations, "he found them" (as it has been said) in his cradle. So he is bound over to keep the peace; and what is so *revolutionary* as *peace?* The working classes, who have stood quite aloof from the resistance to his *coup d'état* (as much from disgust and disenchantment of revolutions and revolutionary chiefs—who have talked and promised and never satisfied them—as from contempt for the Assembly, and satisfaction at the repossession of universal suffrage), do not rally to him. They even distrust him, and begin to think themselves humbugged (as if they would prefer an Empire to the Monarchy, they prefer the *Republic* to either, and are resolved to defend it), now that they have an inkling of his proposed *plébiscité* and constitution; but they are resolved henceforth to act for themselves, and only to fight at their own moment, not by any order of professional barricaders. They are resolved to wait a little, and see what M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte will or can do for them. They don't care from whom the measures come; and they know he must be their man soon or late—*if he stops where he is.* So they wait.

It is a fact, I know from one whose relations with the Elysée are *very near*, that Louis Napoleon has made his will; but not like Cæsar—leaving his gardens to the people (for he has none to leave)—but absolutely *disposing of* France, in case he is pushed off by a flying shot, to *three Generals!* Generals Magnan, St. Arnaud, and Rual (of the artillery). You will scarcely credit such a monstrous pretention; but I *know* this to be true: it is not an *on dit!* This will show you on what a dreadful uncertainty France—superficially tranquil—hangs. Only think of the frightful anarchy that would ensue now on the death of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. Therefore, the most enlightened of the Democratic party are of opinion, and earnestly hope, that no catastrophe may occur to prevent his having his fling: he will use himself up in no long time. It is true that a man who apes Cæsar must expect many to ape Brutus; but if he were to die in this way it would be fatal to liberty and to Democracy. Let him have rope. In the mean time Democracy will purge itself of its many errors and organize afresh.

It is the *gross faults and follies of the old Republicans* that have ruined the Republic for a time, more than reactionary plots. The Provisional Government did nothing but unsettle and disorganize, and rouse hopes and passions without gratifying them. Cavaignac set the example of bloodshed, dictatorship, state of siege, compression; and let slip the occasion of freeing Italy; nay, he first gave the idea of sending troops to Rome.

By the way, General Cavaignac has been set at liberty, with orders to *travel for a year*. He is engaged to be married to a rich "partie." Victor Hugo is in London. Emile de Girardin is selling off everything and intends to leave France, probably for London. I hope he will come to London. He has not only entirely abandoned the direction of *La Presse*, but he intends to sell his shares in the proprietorship as soon as he can. How clearly he had foreseen the inevitable results of the Constitution when he wrote his pamphlet on the *Simplification of Government*, of which one chapter is "No more Presidents," in which he says, with his usual force and precision:—

"We must choose frankly between Absolute Monarchy and Real Republic.

"The Real Republic is unity in Sovereignty.

"It is effective and direct responsibility.

"It is a functionary *essentially and constantly revocable*, who only keeps the Sovereignty on the condition that the majority which has elected him maintains it in his person by a vote renewed annually, and even in case of extraordinary circumstances by a *special vote*."

No man in France sees so far or so clearly as Girardin. He is the only man who seeks to make politics and government a *science* and a *duty*, instead of a struggle and a game.

I do not trouble you with all the "canards" and "on dits" which come to one's ears from all sides in this classic land of rumours, for I might fill quires—and each letter would be a rectification of the former one; but above all things, *don't believe the Government papers*. I don't send you any more stories of the brutality of the soldiers during "*the days*," as a friend of mine, an eminent *name* as a writer, is preparing a reliable history, which he is going to send to me for publication in the *Leader*; it will be most interesting and important. Here, however, is a little anecdote which I can vouch for. The *Siècle* (Cavaignac's paper) reappeared a few days since. It was suddenly suspended again; the reason given was, that it abridged and altered the accounts of the departments given in the Government organs; for I should tell you that all the independent papers confine themselves to a reproduction of official documents. M. Havin, the chief editor (and ex-representative and ex-deputy, a man of the highest respectability), went to M. de Morny to inquire the reason for suspension, and to state that the *Siècle* had positively not altered the Government accounts.

M. de Morny: Do you suppose then, M. Havin, that I suspended you for any reason of that kind? That was the ostensible reason: the real one is simply that I have the power to do so, and I choose to exert that power. Besides, why are you so anxious to appear when you cannot write in opposition to us?

M. Havin replied that it was a question of property; that the suspension involved a loss of subscribers, and probable ruin of the paper. We desire to appear even in this mutilated form, "*en attendant des jours meilleurs.*"

Ah! said M. de Morny, Better days, indeed! Pray what do you mean by *better* days?

M. Havin: When the Press may be a little *more free* again.

M. de Morny: I fear then, M. Havin, you will have to wait a long time. However, on the whole you may reappear; but you understand on what terms. Instant suspension, and for an indefinite period, in case of any departure from them.

So the *Siècle* reappeared yesterday. Such is the liberty of the Press now: just what it is in Berlin, Vienna, Naples. And even the friends of the President say that he will not be in a hurry to restore the freedom of the Press—that he has only one idea of Government: vigorous compression; and all liberal measures must be autocratic; of and from himself.

Imagine whether this system can answer on this soil of France, upheaved by revolutions! In a country that has *never known* liberty, yes; but in France, just as in a steam-engine compression (without safety-valves) must produce explosion. And France, too, where there are so many restless spirits who live by the pen; in intellectual France, where all the intellect is on the side of the Democracy!

There is a very important corps in France who are almost to a man Republicans, and who are just now under severe police surveillance—it is the Civil Engineers, mostly pupils of the Polytechnic School.

The voting on the "Oui ou Non" begins on Saturday next, and closes at four P.M. on Sunday the 21st. I have in a former letter told you who will vote and who (probably) abstain.

You have seen in the papers that M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has, by a decree, granted to the veterans of the Imperial armies what the Assembly refused to sanction. It is difficult to deny the justice of the grant, but I hear some bourgeois shrug their shoulders at it a little. The great public works which are now to be commenced, will give employment to an immense number of workmen for a long time. This is undoubtedly a good stroke of policy—rather an absolute necessity. One of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte's ambitions is to leave monuments of his "reign" behind him.

I hear he lately expressed himself as follows:—"My life may be divided into four epochs. The first was wasted in rash enterprises; the second, in the triumph over anarchy in France; the third, in reconstituting a strong Government, and in the pacification of Europe; the fourth, a *coup de pistolet.*" So, poor fellow! this is what he too expects after all for his pains. But the question is, how much time does he give himself for his *second and third epochs?*

You know that the French not only "dance on volcanoes," but make jokes and puns even on the gravest things. There is an atrocious pun afloat on the poor dissolved Assembly: "Il n'y a plus des vingt-cinq francs; il n'y a que les *dissous*"—this has a double sense—as it not only means dissolved and dix sous, but dix sous is the regular pay of the soldiers per diem. The actual Government of France is a Government of very small men with bullet heads and close-cropped hair, very broad red trousers, and muskets taller than themselves; they shout of Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, still having at you from all the churches and public monuments!

I endeavour to write you only what you won't find in the papers, as postage is dear, and there is so much to be said. I don't mention names of persons whom I have seen, as they are *eminent*. I believe the secrets of letters for England are respected; but letters from one part of France to another are shamelessly opened, and forwarded (if harmless) with their seals broken!

I find the *Economist* takes Louis Napoleon's part; don't be surprised at this. I happen to *know* as a fact, that Wilson derives his correspondence from persons intimate with, and favourable to, the President.

There is one other thought I wish to mention to you, the Nemesis of Algeria to France. The Restoration bombarded and took Algiers for an insult to the French Ambassador, promising to abandon the place as soon as the insult was avenged. They *broke their word*. Louis Philippe not only did not give up Algiers, but proceeded to conquer the country by we know what atrocities of warfare. Still it is certain that he was desirous to give up Algeria which he found to be a drain to France, till Louis Napoleon's attempt at Strasburg. Then, finding that there was a spirit of disaffection and discontent in the army, and a Bonapartist element, he resolved to keep Algeria for the purpose of getting rid of the unruly spirits in the army, and of keeping the military armed and employed in a time of European peace. It is thus that Cavaignac and Charras (Republicans), Lamoricère, Bedeau, and Changarnier (Legitimists), won their spurs in Algeria, where they were kept away from France and French movements. But mark the sequel: after the Revolution of '48, Cavaignac, fresh from Africa, introduces the horrors of African warfare into the streets of Paris. Then the reaction draft away Republican regiments to perish in Algeria.

Then Louis Napoleon brings St. Arnaud (a perfect bandit) from Algeria to massacre quiet citizens, as if they were Bedouins or Kabyles.

So that Algeria has done nothing but demoralize and brutalize French soldiers into brigands and assassins.

And this colony sinks millions of French money and kills thousands of French soldiery every year; and it is so destitute of resources that France is obliged to export into the colony even *forage for the cavalry*. And there is no sign of a *second* generation of Frenchmen in Algeria! another Nemesis! Ever since the Restoration the Liberal and Democratic party in France have exploité Bonapartism—the stupid idolatry of the Emperor! Now they have his *nephew*, an inglorious autocrat.

I have told you that the only consolation of the Liberals in France now is to read the English press; and I am told that the French Government don't know anything about our *weekly* papers, for the *Examiner* and *Spectator* come in without interruption. So you need have no apprehension on this score.

A large industrial emigration (principally from the working associations) is preparing to set out for New York.

All the heads and hearts of the country that can get away leave France, at least till "this tyranny be overpast"; but many are of course chained by family ties.

Talking of "family," I ask you whether such brutal beasts as Véron and Delamarre have the better right to talk of family, or such a man as Manin, the President of the Venetian Republic, who of course is called a "rouge." This noble man has been in Paris since the capitulation of Vienna, after its heroic resistance of eighteen months. He left Vienna with his wife and one daughter, who is subject to epileptic fits, obliged to be constantly watched, and never left alone. On arriving at Marseilles during the cholera, his wife died in the lazaretto! He came with his only daughter to Paris to gain his honourable bread. So chivalrous is his delicacy, that he will not accept of a farthing in the shape of pension or support. He gives lessons in Italian, but with what difficulty! being ever exposed to the suspicions of an inquisitorial police; and so he devotes his life to alleviate the sufferings of his poor child—the only daughter of her he has lost. Is not this "la famille"? or is it better exemplified at the *Elysée*? But I could tell you a hundred instances of unrecorded devotion among the "rouges."

Paris, Friday, December 19, 1851.

My Dear Friend,—M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte's adherents and satellites are not content with his shameless parody of a great epoch, they are now setting to work to *rewrite* history, "done to order," from the point of view most agreeable to the intrigues and usurpations of the masters of to-day. In the face (I do not say of French history, but) of all the impartial writers of all countries, and of the contemporary records and documents which have come down to us, we are to accept, soberly and seriously, with our eyes open and our memories awake, an article in the *Constitutionnel* on the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, 1851, four mortal columns long, as an undeniable rectification of the "romances" (as they are called, forsooth!) of all the great European historians who have gravely and profoundly described the causes of the Great Revolution of '89, and calmly and seriously weighed its effects and consequences. The extravagant balderdash and enormous impudence of this pretended reply to the English Press would not merit a word of rejoinder from any respectable London journal if the name of the writer were alone to be considered; for even in the lowest sinks of English corruption there is not, I rejoice to know and to state with certainty, the equal of A. Granier de Cassagnac in disgrace and disrepute. I say this most advisedly, for I now *know* the antecedents of this man, step by step, exactly; and I denounce him (with whose reckless and insolent paradoxes and brutal declamations many of our journals are too ready to stain their columns) as a foul blot upon the honourable profession of journalism. A. Granier de Cassagnac is, *not figuratively, but most strictly and literally*, a hired bully and bravo, the bare recital of whose past career strikes upon the ear of any honest man like a personal insult. In ordinary times, I admit, no personality should enter even into the hottest polemics; to none more than to myself would it be repugnant to assail the personal character of a political adversary; but in these unhappy days of ours, when the vilest of men are holding up to public horror and to public execration the purest and best, when men sullied with every vice that can debase, start up as the privileged champions of the holiest and most sacred of ties and institutions; it is not simply our right, but our duty, during the enforced silence of our brothers of the French Press, to cry aloud to all the winds of publicity who and what manner of men are the professed champions of Law, Society, and Religion, in whose mouths no insult is too base, no calumny too cruel, against the imprisoned and oppressed survivors of a successful massacre.

I therefore engage, as soon as I return to England, to write and (if you will) to *sign* a biography (for which I am getting the fullest and most authentic materials) of this M. A. Granier de Cassagnac, and of this M. le Docteur Véron, whose powers of invective and audacities of invention would indeed be formidable, if any credit could be thought worthy to be attached to their lucubrations.

It is they and theirs who have proclaimed a war à l'outrance: let us accept it. We only demand a preference for virtue and for honesty.

For the present moment I content myself with calling your notice to an article in to-day's *Constitutionnel* (the chief organ of the *coup d'état*). It begins by assuring us that the opinions of the *Times* and other English journals upon "the grand act recently accomplished," proceed "evidently, necessarily from a complete ignorance of the state of France, of the plans and the worth of its parties, of the nature and tendency of its objects."

It then proceeds to assert that the dominant fact in the history of France, for the last sixty years, is that the French people, really and unrepresented by their own Government, have been constantly subjected to a series of minorities which have got at the head of affairs by different ways, and directed them according to their views, their passions, and their interests.

That—whatever *romantic histories* may say to the contrary—it is now an incontestible fact that Louis XVI. proposed to establish in 1788, all the good and serious *liberal* institutions of modern France! but that the parlemens, the noblesse, the clergy, and *the bourgeoisie* (?), whom all these reforms stripped of their privileges (qy. what were the privileges of the *bourgeoisie* in 1788?), conspired to thwart him, and compelled him to convoke the States General. That the magistracy, the bar, the noblemen, the prelates, and the *bourgeoisie*, hoped to occupy the seats of this great Assembly, and so, after rejecting the reforms of *Louis XVI.*, to substitute their direction and influence for the decision and influence of the Court. That the 1200 deputies of the States General had no sooner begun to sit at Versailles, than they forgot their mandate (which was to preserve the monarchy and the national institutions); and after stirring up a revolt of the populace against the throne, finished by constructing on a pedestal of declamations and sophistries, an ideal insensate constitution, which lasted thirteen months. These 1200 deputies were "an imperceptible minority of ambitious soi-disant *philosophes*, who launched the country, in opposition to its express will, into an unknown régime, having no root in the national habits, no precedent in the national history, no authority over the national mind."

That the Convention which followed the Constituent after the 10th of August, '92, was of all Assemblies the most alien to the country; both the electors and the representatives being nominated by a scandalous minority from the clubs. That on the dissolution of the Convention, the Constitution (of the third year of the Republic), which lasted four years, was utterly foreign to the will of France; and that, in short, during eleven years (*i. e.* from 1789 to 1800) France was handed over to the domination of four successive minorities—Constituents, Girondins, the Mountain, the Thermidorians—to each of whom in turn it owed terror, ruin of commerce and agriculture, without ever having been consulted by those who assumed the Government. In all elaborate perversions of this kind there is ever a grain of truth; and it cannot be denied that there is a grain of truth in all this statement; but only so much as to render the falsehood more glaring.

Then (it says), after fifteen years of a Government even less praiseworthy for *having been regularly accepted* (as Louis Napoleon's *Plébiscité* will be regularly accepted!) than for having delivered the country from the bloody struggle of factions (mark how appropriate to the *Nephew!*) *the Empire* fell, and the Restoration, "patched in the brains of princes and nobles, reared in the school of the philosophy of the eighteenth century," resumed the traditions of the Constituent, and introduced English Parliamentary institutions. This Government rested on the shoulders of about 80,000, chiefly aristocratic families; the rest of the country quite indifferent to its rise or fall.

Then the régime of 1830 was nothing but the restoration continued, *plus* increased power of the Chambers and diminished power of the throne, *i.e.*, "with another element of decadence, ruin, and dissolution introduced." This régime was confided to about 200,000 families, mostly bourgeois; the masses quite indifferent, treating it, like strangers, with mere deference, and letting it perish. Then *the Republic* of '48 was "less popular and less national than the two Monarchies it replaced. It was decreed by a gang of Clubbists and Conspirators who imposed it in the country, and divided the spoils and profits, in the shape of an extraordinary tax upon the proprietors and peasants, of 190,000,000 of francs." *Sic.*

(Mind, this tax was to save the country from *imminent bankruptcy* at the risk of unpopularity.)

About 700 or 800 political convicts and conspirators took charge of this government; "but" (mark this avowal!) "6,000,000 of peasants" (*i. e.* of brutal ignorant peasants, who believed that *the Emperor* was come back) struck it (*i. e.* the Republic) a mortal blow on the 10th of December, in giving it for chief, for ruler, *and for master* a man, in two regards, the enemy of the demagogy—both as Prince and as Bonaparte." (It will be well that the Republic should treasure up this avowal.) "So that (continues the article) we see that France has, for sixty years, with the exception of *the interval of the Consulate and the Empire*, been dominated and possessed by minorities."

So that we are to believe that France was not dominated by a minority when, sick with war and exhausted by conscriptions, she welcomed the allied armies as deliverers, and Bonaparte had to escape for his life!

So France is not dominated by an insolent and brutal minority *now*, at this moment.

Then the article proceeds to attack what it calls "the political classes," "the most turbulent, the most ambitious, the most capricious of the citizens;" and these are the "lettered classes" and the "liberal professions." To their domination a counterpoise is wanting, and that is to be found in the "agricultural population" (*i. e.* the 6,000,000 of brutish peasants). It then says that the Legitimists, Orleanists, and Republicans were all powerful in the last Assembly; but what were they in the country? The result of the *coup d'état* proves—*Nothing*.

You see, after eliminating these three parties, there only remains the *Bonapartists*, and the 6,000,000 of brutish peasants to represent the "will of France." The tirade, after inveighing at length against the supremacy of the "lettered classes," and "liberal institutions," and against Parliamentary institutions, from which "France is now happily delivered by the bold initiative of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte," perorates as follows:—

"Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, guided by the sublime genius of the Emperor, is building with the purified materials of his age the durable edifice in which, after him and like him, all the serious powers, called by whatever name, may find a shelter, whether republic or monarchy; for the name may change, but the conditions of a government's existence remain the same.

"*Providence alone has the secrets of the future; but if ever the Count de Chambord, or the Count de Paris, should come to reign in France, it is to the coup d'état of the 10th of December that they would both owe their crowns.*"

Now really, after reading and rereading this article, I know not whether to admire most its insolence or its *maladresse*; for it must offend (though the last words are a bait to the most corrupt and least noble of the Royalist parties) both the Legitimists and Orleanists; it must once more and for ever undeceive the Republican party as to the intentions of the *coup d'état*; and, lastly, it must very deeply offend as a personal insult that very large and very important class in France—the "lettered class"—the political class—the liberal professions.

But I have omitted one sentence of the article in which this bravo, whose whole public life has been a foul blot on journalism, thus speaks of journalists in classing them with the other liberal professions; he calls them (*en passant*) "pen-menders, inkstand-holders, and paper-scratchers." There is powerful writing for you! So much for the *Constitutionnel* of this morning.

La Patrie of this evening, a sort of Government hurdy-gurdy (for it cannot be called an organ), has an article intended to catch the Republicans. It says—"Louis Napoleon is come to resume the unfinished and interrupted work of the organization of *democratic* France, and not to try to galvanize the corpse of a part which cannot again revive." It then proceeds to dilate on the frightful consequences of a Parliamentary *coup d'état*, and on the impossibility of a legitimist restoration.

Such are the tunes the Government instruments are playing; and they have it all their own way, for all opposition is *mute*, and under these conditions *the will of France is to vote its own suicide!*

A nice little bit of Jesuitry is going on in the Parti Prêtre Section of the Legitimists, headed by De Falloux and Montalembert. The latter, in his letter to the *Univers*, recommended adhesion and support pro tanto to the President, as having done much for the Church, and as being *next best* to the right thing.

The Government papers reported that he was authorized by M. de Falloux, in the name of a Legitimist Committee, to publish the assurance that M. de Falloux and his friends recommended an affirmative vote in favour of Louis Napoleon. M. de Montalembert now writes to correct this impression, and to state the exact words of M. de Falloux, viz., "That he and his friends most authorized to give counsel, would recommend to their party *not to deposit any negative vote* in the ballot of the 20th of December.

This, you will see, is very different from advising an affirmative vote, as no vote at all is so much of moral force subtracted from the numerical majority.

The Parti Prêtre will, however, in fact vote for Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

The proudest and best of the Legitimists will abstain altogether.

The Government papers are making a great fuss about the improved aspect of commercial activity, the state of the Funds, &c. Every evening criers are sent over Paris, selling papers with the last quotations of the Bourse.

So nets of different kinds are thrown out to catch all parties. To foreign capitalists (especially to the city of London) the bait is concession of the trunk lines of railway, and no jealousy of their profits! —(*Vide* M. de Morny's speech to the deputation.) Large public works are already begun. The completion of the Louvre, the extension of the Rue Rivoli, the cincture line of railway round Paris (a really important and valuable work), &c.

The latest scheme is the amelioration of the navigable rivers, and especially of the mouth of the Rhone.

Another department (the Jura) has now been placed under a state of siege.

Nearly the half of France will be under martial law at the moment when the "*free and sincere expression* of the People's will, so ardently desired by Louis Napoleon, is to be declared in the votes!

Do you observe, that *at Vienna* a newspaper has been suspended, for an article offensive to the person of the *President of the French Republic*?

I am sorry to have to record an instance of that strong native flunkeyism which reigns in the English breast:—

Two travelling Englishmen (that fatal species!) requested Lord Normanby to present them last Monday at the Elysée. The desire to be introduced to the President was, on the part of the one at least, mere vain curiosity; the other (and elder of the two) is, I believe, one of those old fools who fancy they belong by right of birth, to the "Great Party of Order." The younger of the two is a Legitimist in sympathy, and detests Louis Napoleon. Well! presented they were. Louis, "the impenetrable," received them "with effusion," and said he was glad to find the English did not listen to the reports of their journals!

Now, here you see the injury done to our national character by two vain flunkeys: the Elysée believes that England supports him; and the visit of the two gentlemen is *exploité* as a proof thereof! This is a fact.

Poor Lamartine is a prisoner to his bed at Macon, and a frightful sufferer from acute rheumatism of the joints. He has dictated a letter repudiating all connection with *Le Pays* since the *2nd of December*.

The Government are publishing what they call proofs of a Parliamentary plot, seized at the house of the Questors of the Assembly. Now, what was this plot? Simply to carry out effectually the right of the President of the Assembly to require as many troops for the defence of the Representatives as he might deem necessary, and to dispose of them as he might think fit. I am not at all sorry, nor (so far as I can learn) are any of the Republican Opposition, that the proposition of the Questors was rejected. I still think it was no better policy of the Opposition to reject it, as it could only have hastened the President's coup d'état, and as the first dispersion would in the eyes of many have been just that shadow of *quasi* moral sanction and justification to it which now it is entirely destitute of. As it is, the whole aggression and the whole crime is the President's; and remember, that under the Constitution (a very bad and foolish one, I allow, but still the Constitution sworn to by him), the President was *not the supreme, but the second*, power of the state. The whole accusation of a plot on the part of the President (even if it existed), is a monstrous assumption.

At our Embassy, it seems, they "certainly expected a coup d'état soon or late, but not so sudden and violent; nor so comprehensive and complete"! What sort of a coup d'état then, did they expect? "Of course we can't approve of it; but now we had better accept of it as a fact, and be conciliatory"! This is *fact*.

A young man presented himself in a drawing-room on the Thursday night of the massacre, having almost miraculously escaped from death. It seems he found himself in the midst of a crowd of inoffensive persons, when the soldiers deliberately fired down the street upon them. Finding himself *not* killed, he thought the best thing he could do would be to hrow himself flat upon the ground, as if killed, among the killed, to escape another volley. Presently, however, the soldiers, mad with brandy, with the thirst of blood, and the fumes of powder, ran up to "finish" (*pour achever*) as they called it, the the wounded, an operation consisting of firing into the bodies on the ground, at random; and wherever a ring or a jewel appeared, hacking off a finger or two to get it, and emptying the pockets of any cash. This young man had two shots fired through the heels of his boots, and one through his cloak, and came off quite unhurt, and presented himself in a drawing-room just in the tattered state in which he lay in the street. *A fact.*

Another person was coming over one of the bridges, when he was rudely arrested by soldiers and searched. Finding a pistol in one of his pockets (which he had taken with him in self-defence), they fired four shots at him, *and missed* him; they then knocked him down with the butt ends of their muskets, and actually tried to throw him over into the Seine. Fortunately others came up and rescued him from a certain and barbarous death. He was taken to the Préfecture de Police and released, half dead. *A fact.*

Only this week the police paid a domiciliary visit to the apartments of an Italian lady resident here, whose house some of the Republican members of the Assembly had been accustomed to frequent. They penetrated into her bedroom, made her get out of bed, and when her delicacy resisted such a brutal insult, they tore her out with violence, and made her open all her boxes, which they ransacked. This is the State of Siege in Paris under the "Deliverer of France from pillage and violence." *It is a fact.*

An English gentleman, whom I asked whether the troops were drunk, said he saw with his own eyes a lancer fall off his horse like a shot, when the horse was trotting gently along, and neither pranced nor stumbled. The man shook himself as if he was drunk, and then clumsily mounted again and rode on. Adieu.

Paris, Monday, December 22, 1851.

My dear Friend,—The "sincere and free expression of the People's will" on M. Bonaparte's "plebiscitum," began on Saturday morning, and was closed last evening at six P.M. On the first day the votes of the "easy" and lettered classes were taken; yesterday enabled the working classes to register monosyllabic suicide. "*Ruere in servitium*" would have been a fitting motto for these bulletins. I went down with a friend *of ours* to his "Section," in order that I might judge with my own eyes of the nature of the operation to which the French People were solemnly invited, under cover of bayonets. My friend had very deliberately *written* his emphatic *Non* on the bulletin, which he was about to drop into the box, before we left his house; for whatever the Minister of the Interior may order to be written in his journals to the contrary, with the mixture of cynicism and hypocrisy which has presided over every act of this banditti government, it is certain that at the gates of every Mairie and of every section were men placed, offering freely to all who entered, and to all passers by, bulletins *printed* "OUI," but not a ghost of a *printed* "NON" was to be seen in the neighbourhood. I inclose two of the Oui tickets, which were put into my own hands with all the supple dexterity that you may have seen practised in the streets of London by the agents of a thousand quacks. But does it for a moment even bear supposition that the actual government of brute force would allow any printing press to issue hostile tickets, or that any printer, even after the ostentatious liberality of M. de Morny's permission, would be so bold as to forfeit, by such an act, the loss of his licence at some not distant day? You know how absolutely the existence of a printer depends on the Government in France, and you know what an inclined plane is the régime of arbitrary compression. The present is but a foretaste of the coming depotism. Neither M. Bonaparte himself, nor any of his adherents and advisers, have any other idea of government than compression, which is every fool's weapon. "The vote and the sabre" means, in other words, the vote with the sabre at your breast. The vote of suicide, or the sabre of extermination—such is the era of the Cæsars just inaugurated in this country. How should such men as compose the present ministry of the Elysée, isolated from all the intelligence and honesty of the nation—men bankrupt in purse, reputation, honour—one a ruined spendthrift, another a blackleg, a third a used-up debauchée, a fourth a "Mercadet" of the Bourse—all more or less undesirable acquaintances for any honest man—how should they have any other idea of government than force and brigandage. Talk to them of a wise liberty, of social reform, indeed! The very desperate game they are playing, and the sense of its desperateness, is to them a kind of new sensation—an intoxication. Well, in the court of the Mairie there was a company of infantry with piled arms, a few gendarmes, and a few people—some bourgeois, others in blouses, —passing in and out. The actual deposit of the ticket was a minute's work. Three employés behind a table with the ballot-box thereon. Enter voter; he hands in his carte électorale (or register ticket) to an employé, who compares it with the register, and certifies; then voter drops his folded ticket into the box. I did not hear any remarks in the yard; but a friend of mine, who voted on Saturday, told me that there was a group of blouses standing in the court of his Mairie with fixed, set looks of concentrated indignation, indicative of anything but "*Ouis*;" and that he heard one workman, who was asked by another as he passed out of the gate whether he had voted, reply in a form of language the peculiar vivacity of which I cannot exactly translate, that "he had just been treating *him* to a *Non*, and no mistake." I have this morning heard of a bourgeois, who had the temerity to say audibly, "Est ce qui vous allez voter pour ce cochon là," being instantly arrested. At this hour most of the sections are known; the total result is to be proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville, at six P.M. I shall be there to see. If you hear of "cheers and acclamations," don't be surprised. I happen to know that the best of the working classes intend to keep away. It will be nothing more than the six thousand coquins who formed the society of the 10th of December of infamous memory, and the élite of whom, by the way, are, if report be true, to be formed into a Prætorian guard for this new Caligula.

It is quite likely that he will have two thirds of the votes, even at Paris; he would have *all*, if *that* were not a little too good to be true. For why should a man who has been so little scrupulous as M. Louis Bonaparte, hesitate to arrange the numbers of Oui and Non according to his good pleasure? The universal belief of the élite of the workmen is that the real bulletins were burned in the course of last night, and that the boxes which were opened, and the votes which were counted this morning, were carefully prepared beforehand. Now, really this is not at all a wild or unfair suspicion; at any rate, it is quite as probable as that he would in any case allow the numbers to go against him, especially in Paris where a moral sanction is most important. All I can say is, that the vote has been surrounded with no guarantees, even outward and visible, of sincerity. In former elections since the Revolution the votes have been given and counted, as it were, before the public scrutiny. This time it has been with closed doors before a coterie of police, flanked by gendarmes. The Legitimists, it is now known, either vote *Non* or abstain; the best of the Orleanists ditto; many of the bourgeoisie ditto; the shopkeepers, perhaps mostly *Oui*, though they feel the degradation of the vote. As for the workmen in the Faubourgs, I know from personal observation that the élite have given a determined *Non*; but what M. Bonaparte's offer of two francs a head may have effected among the poorest and most ignorant classes, is another question. Two francs a head was freely offered for a *Oui*. I cannot describe to you how deep the indignation, the sense of degradation, the detestation of the man are felt by the élite of the working classes, I mean by such men as represented France at our Exposition—men as well educated as polished in manners, and I need not say far more able and cultivated than many statesmen!

But after all, as an eminent writer (perhaps the most eminent political writer) said so me this morning, what do a few thousands of votes more or less signify? Let him have two thirds of his votes, or all, if he will. Let him shout his triumph to all the winds! What matters it? No one will believe in its sincerity a bit the more. No one will believe in the duration of his infamous power the more. By all means let him have his fling—*il' usera; il ira son train*. Let him have his full swing of compression. The explosion will be sooner and more terrible! Unfortunately, if he were to fall *now*, by an accident, it would be a real misfortune to the country, for nothing but civil war and violence is yet ready to succeed; but if he have even more votes than in December '48, his fall is as certain as Lucifer's. He will only attain a greater height—

"Unde altior esset
Casus et impulsæ præceps immane ruinæ."

Five or six millions of votes will not give him *ideas of Government*, and, *without* them or with a turbulent soldiery, and hungry, ambitious hangers-on, what Government can be durable."

Le Chat Huant.

COPY OF THE BULLETIN GIVEN AWAY BY THE AGENTS AT THE MAIRIES.

OUI.

Napoléon Chaix et Cie., r. Bergère, 20.

PROSPECTS OF ALLIANCE AND WAR.

The correspondent of a contemporary (who, it should be added, is a Bonapartist and a member of the Church of Rome) says:—

"A congress of all the powers who signed the treaties of Vienna of 1815 will be called for, with a view to their revision upon the basis of giving France what is called her old and natural boundaries. It is whispered that Prussia would be offered Hanover as a compensation for her Rhenish provinces, and Piedmont made to exchange Savoy for slices of Italian duchies. There is talk, too, of a kingdom of Italy for the Duke of Leuchtenberg, &c. If the *Constitutionnel* speaks truth, these would be only projects in the air, but that they are entertained in some heads may be believed."

"I am unable to affirm that Louis Napoleon was assisted by the counsels of Austria before the late catastrophe," says the Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, "but I know that M. de Hübner was a *persona grata* at the Elysée. It is universally believed in diplomatic circles here that the President's confidential, if not his ostensible counsellor, was M. de Kisseleff, the Russian Minister at Paris. As long as things were in suspense in France, the Northern Powers were unable to carry out their plans for bringing the continental nations as completely under the yoke as they were before the Revolution of 1848; but now that the President has succeeded in establishing a military government, and all resistance appears impossible, the long-cherished plan will soon be brought to light: it is entirely to abolish so-called constitutional government on the continent." The following extract from a short article in the *Lloyd* of to-day will give you a foretaste of what England has to expect:—

"Notes, complaining of the dangerous support given to political fugitives in England, were presented by the representatives of Russia, Austria, Prussia, and the German Confederation, at the British Foreign Office on the 12th. A similar note was also handed by the Bund to Lord Cowley at Frankfort. Austria will not hesitate to adopt measures which will make it inconvenient or difficult for Englishmen to travel in the Austrian States, as long as the just complaints of the Imperial Government are not attended to in London, and an organised communication between the Revolutionary party in England and all the continental States is carried on, under the protection of the law. The English will have the less cause to complain, as the duration of the measure will depend on themselves."

The *Times* of Monday contained a very dull, ambiguous, shifty, but important article on the relations of foreign Governments to France. The former part throws dust in the eyes of the vulgar and uninitiated;

the latter portion has a meaning of its own. It is this latter part we quote :—

"We have already seen wilder deceits and delusions than this idea of foreign aggression propagated by the Government among a credulous people; and it is precisely when a nation is distracted with a panic at home, aggravated by the absence of free discussion, that it most readily catches up every suggestion of danger from without. The very names of Pitt and Coburg added desperation to the Reign of Terror. If it again suited the French Government to engage in hostilities, some such pretext would readily be found, and this pretext, however shallow, would be believed. It is altogether uncertain in which direction such a blow might be struck—whether against the Radical or Protestant Governments of Switzerland—against the neutrality of Belgium—for territorial acquisitions in Savoy, or on the Rhine, or even, in the hardihood of defiance, against the coasts of England. On this point we hazard no conjecture, and we hope the time is far distant when any such conjectures may be hazarded. But the principle at which we would arrive, and on which we lay the utmost stress, is, that *the maintenance of peace is now, more than ever, the common interest of Europe.* If the great principles of the European compact be violated for *one*, they are violated for *all*; and the chief security *we* have for the pacific maintenance of that compact is the overwhelming force by which it can be supported as long as there is union between *all* who are interested in it. It may happen that attempts will be made to purchase the neutrality of some powers while others are attacked, or to associate other powers with France in measures of repression abroad, or even to procure a more active cooperation in her designs. *Such proposals have already been made by Louis Napoleon, since he filled the office of President of the Republic.* But woe to the Government which shall lend itself to any such insidious overtures! and woe to Europe if the general confederacy for the defence of peace and public law be broken up! We earnestly trust that no petty rivalries, no past differences, no minor divisions, will be allowed to weigh for an instant against the paramount duty of maintaining in presence of the altered state of France one dignified and common line of conduct."

Now, the real meaning of this is, that it is a threat to the Continental powers. It cries—Beware! if you, France, or Austria, attempt to disturb the compact of 1815, we are prepared to disturb it; and probably the settlement of Europe now, by modern statesmen, would not exactly coincide with the settlement of 1815, or the "three military empires." It is also an indication that some power may have conceived the plan of establishing the said military empires at our expense. Remember the Continental blockade prefigured by *Der Lloyd* and judge!

In connection with the above, read the following, written by the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* :—From the inimical tone towards England, which the *Assemblée Nationale* is permitted to adopt, at a period when the press is subjected to the strictest censure, it is clear that the Government of Louis Napoleon plays into the hands of Prince Schwarzenberg and the Czar. It is beyond doubt, I am informed, that the present government has established since the *coup d'état* an intimate alliance with the Northern Courts. The offensive mode in which Lord Westmoreland's ungracious reception by the Austrian Court has been mentioned by prints at Paris, in which M. de Morny inserts exactly what suits his wishes, is an instructive fact, when viewed in relation to the new league of military despots in Europe.

It is said that the Northern Powers will not rest until the Sardinian Government has followed their example, and the Liberal party in Switzerland has been crushed.

Commerce adheres to the coup d'état, and the Bourse approves.

A very numerous deputation, representing the different branches of trade and manufactures in Paris, headed by M. Sallandrouze de Lamornaix, the Honorary President of the Parisian Industrial Union, had on Saturday an interview of the President of the Republic. M. Gaussen, a shawl manufacturer, and member of the International Jury, addressed Louis Napoleon on behalf of the deputation as follows :—

"Prince,—We have witnessed with happiness the realization of the memorable words which you addressed to us on a recent occasion. You have given France security in the future. We come in the name of a great part of the manufacturing interest of Paris to express to you our deep gratitude. You have restored confidence to us; we owe to your order and labour, which constitute the strength and wealth of States. We have come, Prince, to tell you that we place entire faith in your exalted wisdom and in your enlightened solicitude for the true interests of French industry."

Louis Napoleon replied as follows:—

"Gentlemen,—I am delighted to see that a large portion of the manufacturers of Paris sympathize with the political measures which the safety of the country rendered necessary. I hope that labour has not been too much interrupted in your manufactories, and that your workmen have not taken part in the disturbances which have occurred. Tell them that my most ardent desire is to improve their condition, and to favour as much as possible the development of our fine productions."

A marriage is on the tapis between Louis Napoleon and a princess of Sweden. In connection with this news, which reaches me from a sure private source, I may mention that an Aulic Councellor of the Czar, M. de Despine de Fohrn, brother-in-law of Prince Anatole Demidoff, has just arrived from Stockholm, in Paris.

It is stated that all the tenants of the Duke d'Aumale in the departments received an intimation that it would be agreeable to the Prince to learn that they had voted for Louis Napoleon, as he considers his name to be identified with the cause of order under existing circumstances.

The Pope has addressed a letter to M. de Montalembert to congratulate him upon his letter of adhesion to the act of December 2, and upon his enrolment in the consultative commission.

The *Constitutionnel* says :—

"We are informed that the Pope has addressed a letter to his Nuncio in Paris, in which he expresses his entire approbation of the acts of Louis Napoleon."

The faithfulness of the Church to the cause of Napoleon Bonaparte, and which involves reciprocal services, is further evidenced by the following blasphemous letter addressed by the Bishop of Strasburg to the clergy of his diocese :—

"Strasburg, December 16, 1851.

"Messieurs,—Although I have already replied in a precise manner to such amongst you as have consulted me on the line of conduct to be followed in in the grave circumstances in which we are placed, I consider it my duty to address this circular to you, in order to remove from your minds every sort of doubt and uncertainty. There is no one who does not see at present from what frightful calamities the President of the Republic has preserved us by his firmness, and who does not render homage to the wisdom of the measures he has adopted. It suffices to open our eyes in order to perceive the abyss into which we were about to be precipitated. Let *us return thanks to Providence* for having given us a man whose arm is sufficiently strong to stop the chariot of the State on the brink of the precipice to which mad passions were impelling us. Let us supplicate the Almighty to *cover with His protection this man*, to endue him with the wisdom and energy necessary to him to complete the work he has so well commenced, and let us contribute, ourselves, each in his own sphere, to that great work of public salvation, by answering, and urging our flocks to answer 'Yes' to the appeal he has made to us with so much nobleness and confidence. Let us not forget that the happiness or the misfortunes of the country, the preservation or the ruin of social order, depend on the vote that France is called on to give on the 20th and 21st of this month.

"Receive, &c., ANDRE, Bishop of Strasburg."

Imagine the Papacy, with outstretched hands, blessing "this man" who massacred the people on the 4th of December, without hesitation and without remorse!

It is reported that in a few days hence the "liberty of the press" will be regulated by a new law which will repeal all existing laws on the subject, and of which the following are said to be the most important clauses :—

"Every editor of a journal at present in existence, or to be published in future, will be bound to deposit security money to the amount of 200,000f. (£8000), which in case of conviction may be increased to 400,000f.

"The Executive power will reserve to itself the right to suspend the publication of any journal of which the suspension may appear necessary.

"Offences of the press are no longer to be submitted to a jury. Special tribunals are to be constituted for that purpose.

"Offences of the press are to be classed in three categories :—

"1. An attack on the President and on the principle of the Government.

"2. Exciting hatred amongst citizens.

"3. An attack on religion, family, or property.

"Each of those offences may be punished by imprisonment of five years, by transportation for twenty years, and by a fine of from £5000 to £100,000f."

Fifteen generals of brigades, twenty colonels, and various lieutenant-colonels, are promoted to the next superior rank.

A correspondent of the *Daily News* thus testifies to the conduct of the actual Socialists of Paris.

"Yesterday (the 22nd of December) I visited several of their Associations Fraternelles. I heard no word of revenge there, and saw nothing which indicated any more criminal feeling than resignation. They felt insulted, indeed, by having their favourite symbol taken from them, but looked upon the act as far too paltry to make a noise about. By the way, I observed that the fated triangle had not only been obliterated from the signboards, but that it had been carefully scraped from the coffee-cups! What act of petty tyranny will be visited upon the ouvriers next no one can tell. If these associations (which, by the way, only differ from other public coffee-houses in that equal copartners are substituted for waiters) should be dissolved, secret societies will increase beyond precedent. The ouvriers must have their public places of resort, and these places must be conducted on their own principle, or else they will be compelled, in self-defence, to organize some kind of a substitute. There is no army large enough to prevent this. It is important to observe, in this connection, that there are not a few soldiers of the line among the habitués of these institutions. I was accustomed to see from ten to twenty of them at an association in the Rue du Faubourg St. Denis all last summer, some of whom were officers, and all of whom were ardent reformers. Anarchists, no-property men, worshippers of the red flag—men opposed to law, order, and family—I saw none of. The race was never very numerous, and is now about extinct. This fact cannot, under present circumstances, be stated too often or too strongly. What the English understand by Socialism I have as little sympathy with as any one; and the idea of the State tampering with trade, and undertaking to 'organize labour,' seems to me, as to you, like foolishness itself. The French, too, are coming round to this opinion. The cause of labour was never more injured than by the national workshops. The workman was wounded in the house of his friends. All that the mechanics of France ask now is to be let alone. They wish neither charter nor privilege. Their one demand is for free trade and fair play. Their associations (of which there are over a hundred in Paris) are at worst but little corporations of stockholders. The wages and profits, instead of being equal, as at first, are graduated according to the labour and skill of the operatives. Their rules are simple, and their morals severe. Politics are left as a thing apart. The chief government they trouble themselves about is self-government. The responsible managers are respected throughout Paris for their integrity. Their competition with the old system is conducted in a manner above reproach. They are respected, above all, in their immediate neighbourhood. I know this from personal inspection and inquiry, and record it as an act of simple justice. In the political world, the members of these associations are all Liberals. It is safe to say that not one of them voted for Louis Napoleon; and it is probable that many of them had the good sense not to vote at all. During all these troubles they have kept at work, and set an example of that moderation and good sense which alone can save France from the abyss towards which she now totters."

THE "ELECTION."

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is elected President of the Republic for ten years, with power to grant a Constitution. Is not this simple announcement sufficient? Force and fraud have initiated and carried this election; these words express at once his charter of power and the sentence of history. A sentence from our Paris Correspondent, dated Tuesday night, and just come to hand, will illustrate the *morale* of the sham.

"The result of the votes will astonish no one. 'Immense majority!' the Government papers will shout to all the winds. 'Such a majority never before known!' We may as well say, 'Why not absolute unanimity? Why any contrary votes at all?' Because that would have proved too much. But does this majority, however large, add a jot of moral sanction or of moral force to the usurpation? Analyze it: 500,000 functionaries—the army—the mass of shopkeepers who vote 'Oui' from fear of worse, in the hope of quiet and 'business'—men who have no political life or opinions, who voted enthusiastically for Caussidière in '48, and would do so for the Cossacks to-morrow, if they promised a gay season, shops crowded with customers, &c."

The official declaration for all France will be made on the 29th. But we anticipate it. Up to Thursday night, the alleged poll of sixty-eight departments, although incomplete, gave

Yes.....	5,400,000
No	600,000

In the department of Seine, the official result of votes is said to be—Yes, 196,769; No, 95,574.

The official declaration of the votes of the department of the Seine took place at the Hôtel-de-Ville on Wednesday morning. M. Fleury, member of the Council of Prefecture, took the chair. M. Berger, the Prefect of the Seine, in a speech to the mayors of the different arondissements, said that the department of the Seine had given a striking adhesion to the great act of December 2, and in which the whole country would unite. The speech of the Prefect was warmly applauded; and, when the numbers had been duly declared, the Prefect proposed that the mayors should carry the result to the President of the Republic, which was agreed to with acclamation. As the numbers were already known, the crowd round the Hôtel-de-Ville was very small, and the whole passed off with the greatest order. M. Bonaparte having received the deputation, thanked the mayors for their devoted concurrence, and congratulated himself on receiving from the department of the Seine a mark of confidence so striking, and still greater than had been bestowed in December, 1848. He would endeavour to show himself worthy of the confidence which France testified in him, by consecrating himself entirely to the happiness and prosperity of the country. These words were received with cries of "Vive Napoléon!" "Vive le Président!" Quite enough, that!

From many instances given in the journals of tickets transgressing the prescribed form of Oui or Non, take the following :—

"'Non! from hatred to despotism, from respect to legality, from contempt for Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, ex-President of the Republic.' 'Oui! under the pressure of the state of siege, from fear of bayonets, and for the death of French honour.' 'Non! because the Constitution has been audaciously violated by a general of intoxicated soldiers.' 'Non! because Bonaparte committed, on the 2d of December, the greatest of crimes.' 'Non! because to say Oui would be to approve of pillage, robbery, and assassination.' 'Non! because I wish for the maintenance of the Republic, and the development of its institutions.' 'Non! because, for the satisfaction of justice, Bonaparte and his accomplices ought to be capitally punished.' Over the word 'Oui,' written or printed in large letters, were the words, 'Louis Bonaparte is the friend of humanity. He will save France from the

brigands of Socialism.' On another, equally large, were 'Vive Louis Napoleon Bonaparte — the man who has saved us; and may he soon be our Emperor!' 'Non! in the name of family, of religion, and of property. In the name of family, for France cannot be ruled by a ——.' (Here follows an indecent expression.) 'In the name of religion, for France cannot be governed by those who pay no regard to that of their neighbours. Non!' 'Oui, that Bonaparte may be always our President.' 'Vive le Neveu de l'Empereur!' 'Heaven protect our Prince.' 'He has saved France.' 'Long live the Emperor Napoleon and his Nephew!'"

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

The following extract from a private letter from Vienna, dated December 6, though not new, is interesting:—

"The snow lies deep and the cold is intense. Sledges are jingling about, and every one is wrapped in furs or in warm clothing. I have got a comfortable room with double doors and windows, and a large porcelain stove. Wood is the only expensive article. Everything has, however, lately risen in price, owing to the paper money. There is no gold or silver in circulation; only notes varying from twopence to a pound. Though these bear on their face that their full value may be obtained at the State-office, for the last two years this has not been the case; they have, consequently, sunk in value, and are at least—for they vary every day—at 25 per cent. discount. Vienna is under the strictest military law, and is literally crammed with soldiers and police. Politics are, of course, never mentioned, or only in whispers, and with a timidity that appears incredible. The Kossuth demonstration and the French news have made the police more strict. To-day there is a proclamation pasted on the corners of the streets, warning the inhabitants against having in their possession any forbidden books or papers, and I am told several houses have already been searched. The University has for some time been converted into a barrack; and the medical students are sent to one suburb, and the literary to another."

The police have seized on the library presented by various patriotic booksellers to the Frankfort Assembly. The books are worth 12000 florins at the least, and were never intended by the donors to gratify the Diet, which was believed to have been for ever dead. Waggons have been coming and going for several days to and from St. Paul's Church, removing the furniture and fittings used by the Assembly, and in a few days the building will be given up to the clergy.

The *Piedmontese Gazette* of the 20th declares itself authorized to state that a document (which, like many other journals, it had published in a preceding number), purporting to be a diplomatic note addressed to Mr. Webster by Chevalier Hulsemann, Austrian Chargé d'Affaires at Washington, on the subject of slavery in the United States, is apocryphal, and a mere invention of an Abolitionist paper.

It is said that there is but one theme constantly commented on by members of every party and profession at Rome. Cardinals, prelates, officers, soldiers, foreigners, and natives, all discuss the probable consequences of the late *coup d'état* in France, everybody according to his own principles. The ultra-Papal party exult at the presumed imminent downfall of the Republic, and already seem to hail a French Empire with delight.

The Pope has given the grand cross of Pius IX. to Senors Bravo Murillo, G. Romero, and Bertran de Lis; and the commandership of that of Gregory the Great to Senor Fernando Alvarez, Under-Secretary of Grace and Justice, in connection with the celebration of the *concordat*.

The Queen of Spain was delivered of a princess on the 20th.

The *Heraldo* of Madrid of the 16th states that orders had been sent by telegraph to Cadiz, to set at liberty the American prisoners taken at Cuba.

The *Epoca* gives an account of the prosecutions instituted against the Madrid press by the existing cabinet, which has not been in power quite a year. The *Europa* has been suppressed and fined 30,000 reals; the *Mundo Nuevo*, the *Murga*, and the *Tribuna del Pueblo*, have been repeatedly seized, fined, and have ceased to appear; the *Nacion* has been seized eleven times, fined 20,000 reals, and has an editor in prison; the *Heraldo* has been seized ten times, is printed under the surveillance of the police, and has one of its editors in prison; the *Constitucional* has been seized three times, and fined 20,000 reals; the *Epoca* seized seven times; the *Observador*, the *Catolico*, and the *Novedades*, have also been seized several times. It was expected that if the Cortes did not meet in the course of a short time, M. Isturiz, M. Benalua, and M. de Ayllon would leave at the beginning of January for their diplomatic posts at London, Berlin, and Vienna. The excessive drought in the provinces continues.

We copy from the *Demokrata Polski*, an extract from a letter of its own correspondent, written from Poland:—

"You doubtless know that all your letters pass through the hands of an army of public officers, and are only delivered to the persons to whom they are directed, after a close examination, and very often not delivered at all. . . . Do not suppose it was with an eye of indifference we looked on the events of 1849. Oh, no; our wrongs, and the humiliation we endured, must be revenged, and we were quite ready for a great action, when the news of Georgy's treachery interrupted our preparations. It was with fear the Russian troops in 1849 marched to Hungary; and although four corps of the active army, with four reserve corps of cavalry, went thither, they deemed those forces insufficient, and held in readiness another corps of reserve. When the Tzar, at the beginning of the campaign, received unfavourable tidings from his army, he actually foamed with rage, and it was then that the gendarmes received a secret order to destroy all the archives concerning the inquisition and persecutions in Poland, thus for ever erasing all traces of barbarity, should the army be compelled to retreat. The Tzar was at that time in such an unsettled state of mind, that he even began to mistrust Prince Paskevich, and already thought of replacing him by Vorontsoff, whom he, for that purpose, ordered to come to Warsaw. The Russians lost during that campaign 20,977 men by typhus fever alone. Their deserters amounted to 1690. The number of killed never transpired; the army bulletins always reported a few men on their side only as being killed, whilst on that of the Hungarians the number was always a couple of thousands that had perished; but what is quite certain is, that the regiments returning from Hungary were reduced to the half of their original force, and the men were so exhausted and attenuated, that they had the appearance of living corpses.

"After the army left for Hungary, the so-called kingdom of Poland and Lithuania were occupied by three corps, viz., one of the active army, the corps of grenadiers, and that of the life guards, amounting together to 180,000 men, with 360 pieces of ordnance; meanwhile the 6th corps and the reserve infantry (120,000) were stationed in Russia, more particularly in the ancient Polish provinces of Volhynia and Podolia. A secret association, however, in the midst of such a display of forces was formed, whose object was to overthrow the existing Government. But, alas! all was discovered, and some sixty young men were the victims; they, of course, were all sentenced to death, but the Tzar commuted their sentence to sending them to the mines, or to serve as private soldiers in the Transcaucasian army, or to be incorporated in the disciplinary companies.

"After the campaign Nicholas reassumed with the greatest vigour his plans of Russianizing Poland. He abolished the frontier between the kingdom and the other provinces, determined by the treaty of Vienna; dissolved the Polish custom guards, and reorganized them along the frontier of Prussia, entirely composing them of Russian soldiers. In order to cramp as much as possible the education of the Polish youth, it was ordained that only sons of recognized noblemen were to be admitted to the higher schools, whose terms were so enormously raised that even noblemen, unless very well off, could not send their sons to them. For the youths whose noble pedigree is doubtful or improved, separate schools have been established, the principal tuition in which is the Russian tongue, and arithmetic on the so-called *shchoty* (a wooden frame with brass wires, on which are moveable wooden swivels). The merchants were obliged to submit to the corporation laws existing in Russia. Finally, Poland is to lose her very name, and to assume that of *New Russia*. At Vilna, Kovno, and Brzésé-Literski, three Catholic churches have lately been violently transformed into schismatic synagogues.

"The Polish youth is no more to be enlisted into the Russian regiments of light cavalry as lancers and hussars, but in those of cuirassiers and heavy dragoons, because the latter are always garrisoned in the depths of Russia; and even those who now serve in the light cavalry, whether officers or privates, are to be removed to the regiments of heavy horse.

"Such is, alas! the state of our unhappy country. We, nevertheless, do not despair, but are ever ready for any sudden emergency; for we feel that we live in a great epoch, and are persuaded that the fermentation which began in 1848 must eventually have a salutary end. We are not without communication; we know pretty well what is going on abroad, but our news are not always correct—nay, sometimes incomprehensible. The year '52 is to widen our political horizon; let us therefore be patient and confident."

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

The necessity for an Anglo-American alliance to parry and suppress the coming Continental blockade, grows every day more distinct. The following passage is from the letter of the Vienna correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, of December 20.

"As there appears to be little or no doubt of Louis Napoleon obtaining an immense majority, and of his position becoming firmly established, England should look to herself, for the backward tendency of things in Germany is but too apparent; and, coupled with the feeling of hostility now entertained by the Governments abroad towards Great Britain (wherein Austria stands preëminent), it is impossible to say what new alliances may not devise, to undermine English influence, and keep out English goods from the Continent. These hostile demonstrations will, it is positively affirmed, open with a succession of petty annoyances, inflicted upon English subjects travelling in Austria, by way of reprisals for Lord Palmerston's flirtations with the Democratic refugees. Then will follow a gigantic effort to throw off the yoke of English manufacturing supremacy, by drawing something very like a prohibitive *cordon* across the sea; and, if Prussia and the Zollverein, with the Northern States, will only consent to join the group of Protectionists who are about to meet in Vienna, something may be done."

Mr. Robert Walker has declined the invitation to dine at Southampton with the Mayor and merchants of the borough. In his letter in reply to the note of invitation we find the following energetic passages on the "Anglo-American Alliance," now become a standing head in the *Times*:—

"I thank you also for the kind and cordial sentiments you have been pleased to express in regard to my country. It is most clearly the interest and duty of England and America to encourage and maintain the most friendly relations. In some remarks heretofore made by me in your city, I took occasion to express the opinion that a neighbouring republic, so-called, based upon half a million of bayonets and a state of siege, would soon be merged in absolute or imperial power. Those predictions are already fulfilled, and France is now passing into a government more military and despotic than any that prevails in Europe, because it is purely the government of the army, and of a single chief. Already this fearful change is hailed with delight by all the despotic Powers, and especially by Russia, Austria, and Naples. The Continent has become despotic, except a few remaining points, which are already menaced, and where the light of liberty, it is feared, will soon be extinguished. These islands alone remain to breast the fury of despotic power; and already it is intimated that it may become necessary to reëstablish against England the continental system of the first Napoleon. The principle of the despotic Powers will be this, that England must refuse an asylum to the exiled victims of continental oppression, and that she must abandon the liberty of speech and of the press. The question, I fear, will soon be propounded to England. Will you relinquish all the principles of free government, and sink quietly into the abyss of despotism? Or will you manfully resist; and, if so, when, and how, and where, are you willing to begin the resistance? Will you wait until every free Government is overthrown on the Continent? Or, when the principle of armed intervention from abroad announces its determination to subvert these Governments, will you then interfere for your own security, and while yet you may have friends and allies upon the Continent? Should the latter be your wise and patriotic resolve, and should you, in that event, desire the coöperation of my country, it will be given by the Government, and sustained by the people, with zeal and unanimity.

"I know nothing, since the days of the Crusades, that could excite in America a feeling so deep, universal, and enthusiastic, or which would call out so many millions, if necessary, of my countrymen, as an invitation from you to your children in America to fight together the last great triumphant battle for the liberties of man. It would be a certain and an easy victory, achieved chiefly by the naval forces of England and America; and, succeeding this victory, there would then be enduring peace and extended commerce.

"Indeed, I doubt not, if England and America would inform the continental despots that they must not intervene beyond their own limits to overthrow other Governments, merely because they were free, that such an announciation would arrest their march in 1851, as it did in 1820, and accomplish the same result, without the necessity of war or bloodshed."

Miss Martineau wrote in 1849 with great foresight, almost inspiration, to an American journal a letter, which now has direct bearings on this subject, from which we cut the following passages.

"We,—the whole population of Europe,—are now evidently entering upon a stage of conflict no less important in its issues, and probably more painful in its course. You remember how soon after the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars our great Peace Minister, Canning, intimated the advent, sooner or later, of a War of Opinion in Europe; a war of deeper significance than Napoleon could conceive of, and of a wider spread than the most mischievous of his quarrels. The War of Opinion which Canning foresaw was in fact a war between the further and nearer centuries,—between Asia and Europe,—between despotism and self-government. The preparations were begun long ago. The Barons at Runnymede beat up for recruits when they hailed the signature of Magna Charta; and the princes of York and Lancaster did their best to clear the field for us and those who are to come after us. The Italian Republics wrought well for us, and so did the French Revolutions, one after the other, as hints and warnings; and so did the voyage of your Mayflower—and the Swiss League, and the German Zollverein; and, in short, everything that has happened for several hundreds of years. Everything has tended to bring our continent and its resident nations to the knowledge that the first principles of social liberty have now to be asserted and contended for, and to prepare the assertors for the greatest conflict that the human race has yet witnessed. It is my belief that the war has actually begun, and that, though there may be occasional lulls, no man now living will see the end of it. . . We have not a little to struggle for among ourselves, when our whole force is needed against the enemy. In no country of Europe is the representative system of government more than a mere beginning. In no country of Europe is human brotherhood practically asserted. Nowhere are the principles of civilization of Western Europe determined and declared, and made the groundwork of organized action, as happily your principles are as against those of your slaveholding opponents. But, raw and ill-organized as are our forces, they will

be strong, sooner or later, against the serried armies of the Asiatic policy. If on the one side the soul comes up to the battle with an imperfect and ill-defended body, on the other, the body is wholly without a soul, and must, in the end, fall to pieces. The best part of the mind of Western Europe will make itself a body by dint of action. and the pressure which must bring out its forces; and it may be doubted whether it could become duly embodied in any other way. What forms of society may arise as features of this new growth neither you nor I can say.

"We can only ask each other whether, witnessing as we do the spread of Communist ideas in every free nation in Europe, and the admission by some of the most cautious and old-fashioned observers of social movements that we in England cannot now stop short of a "modified communism," the result is not likely to be a wholly new social state, if not a yet undreamed-of social idea.

"England and France are awake and watchful, and so many men ofevery country are astir that we may rely upon it that, not only are territorial alliances giving way before political affinities, but national ties will give way almost as readily, if the principles of social liberty should demand the disintegration of nations. Let us not say, even to ourselves, whether we regard such an issue with hope or fear. It is a possibility too vast to be regarded but with simple faith and patience. In this spirit let us contemplate what is proceeding, and what is coming, doing the little we can by a constant assertion of the principles of social liberty, and a perpetual watch for opportunities to stimulate human progress."

Writing on the subject of the Prometheus squabble, the *Morning Chronicle* incidentally lets slip the folllowing:—

"The 'War Correspondent' of a New York paper may threaten the British race with extermination—but we are accustomed to receive this sort of menace without the slightest ill feeling, because we believe in the free institutions of the Republic, and because we know that, *in spite of all commercial rivalry, the Americans, as a nation, would prefer uniting themselves with the Anglo-Saxon champions of European liberty to forming a dishonourable alliance with the despots of Eastern Europe.*"

Another recognition of the Anglo-American Alliance.

KOSSUTH IN AMERICA.

Kossuth's speech at the Castle-garden on the 6th, in reply to the address from the Mayor and Corporation of New York, contains some noble passages.

KOSSUTH'S POSITION.

The motive, said Kossuth, which led me to your shores, the generous act of my liberation, was the manifestation of a resolution on the part of the United States to throw their weight into the balance wherein the fate of Europe is to be weighed:—

"You have raised the conviction throughout the world, that by my liberation you were willing to say—'Ye oppressed nations of old Europe's continent, be of good cheer; the young giant of America stretches his powerful arm over the waves, ready to give a brother's hand to your future.' So is your act interpreted throughout the world. You, in your proud security, can scarcely imagine how beneficial this conviction has already proved to the suffering nations of the European continent. You can scarcely imagine what self-confidence you have added to the resolution of the oppressed. You have knit the tie of solidarity in the destinies of nations. I can't doubt that you know how I was received by the public opinion in every country which I touched since I am free, and what feelings my liberation has elicited in those countries which it was not my lot to touch. You know how I, a plain, poor, penniless exile, have almost become a centre of hope and confidence to the most different nations, not united but by the tie of common sufferings. What is the source of this apparition, unparalleled in mankind's history? The source of it is, that your generous act of my liberation is taken by the world for the revelation of the fact that the United States are resolved not to allow the despots of the world to trample on oppressed humanity. It is hence that my liberation was cheered, from Sweden down to Portugal as a ray of hope. It is hence that even those nations which most desire my presence in Europe, now have unanimously told me, 'Hasten on, hasten on, to the great free, rich, and powerful people of the United States, and bring over its brotherly aid to the cause of your country, so intimately connected with European liberty;' and here I stand to plead the cause of the solidarity of human rights before the great Republic of the United States. Humble as I am, God the Almighty has selected me to represent the cause of humanity before you. My warrant to this capacity is written in the sympathy and confidence of all who are oppressed, and of all who, as your elder brother, the people of Britain, sympathize with the oppressed—my warrant to this capacity is written in the hopes and expectations you have entitled the world to entertain, by liberating me out of my prison, and by restoring me to activity. But it has pleased the Almighty to make out of my humble self yet another opportunity for a thing which may prove a happy turning-point in the destinies of the world. I bring you a brotherly greeting from the people of Great Britain. I speak not in an official character, imparted by diplomacy, whose secrecy is the curse of the world; but I am the harbinger of the public spirit of the people, which has the right to impart a direction to its Government, and which I witnessed pronouncing itself in the most decided manner, openly—that the people of England, united to you with enlightened brotherly love, as it is united in blood, conscious of your strength as it is conscious of its own, has for ever abandoned every sentiment of irritation and rivalry, and desires the brotherly alliance of the United States to secure to every nation the sovereign right to dispose of itself, and to protect the sovereign right of nations against the encroaching arrogance of despots, and leagued to you against the league of despots, to stand together with you godfather to the approaching baptism of European liberty."

HIS RULES OF CONDUCT.

"1. That I take it to be duty of honour and principle not to meddle with whatever party question of your own domestic affairs. I claim for my country the right to dispose of itself, so I am resolved and must be resolved, to respect the same principle here and everywhere. May others delight in the part of knights errant for theories. It is not my case. I am the man of the great principle of the sovereignty of every people to dispose of its own domestic concerns; and I most solemnly deny to every foreigner, as to every foreign power, the right to oppose the sovereign faculty. 2. I profess highly and openly my admiration for the glorious principle of union, on which stands the mighty pyramid of your greatness, and upon the basis of which you have grown in the short period of seventy-five years to a prodigious giant, the living wonder of the world. I have the most warm wish that the star-spangled banner of the United States may for ever be floating, united and one, the proud ensign of mankind's Divine origin; and taking my ground on this principle of union, which I find lawfully existing, an established constitutional fact, it is not to a party, but to the united people of the United States that I confidently will address my humble requests for aid and protection to oppressed humanity. I will conscientiously respect your laws, but within the limits of your laws I will use every honest exertion to gain your operative sympathy and your financial, material, and political aid for my country's freedom and independence, and entreat the realization of these hopes which your generosity has raised in me and my people's breasts, and also in the breasts of Europe's oppressed nations. And, therefore, 3rdly, I beg leave frankly to state that my aim is to restore my fatherland to the full enjoyment of that act of declaration of independence, which being the only rightful existing public law of my nation, can nothing have lost of its rightfulness by the violent invasion of foreign Russian arms, and which, therefore, is fully entitled to be recognized by the people of the United States, whose very resistance is founded upon a similar declaration of independence."

EXHORTATIONS TO ENLIST IN THE DEMOCRATIC CAUSE.

"La Fayette had great claims to your love and sympathy, but I have none. I came a humble petitioner, with no other claims than those which the oppressed have to the sympathy of free men, who have the power to help—with the claim which the unfortunate has to the happy, and the down-trodden has to the protection of eternal justice and of human rights. In a word, I have no other claims than those which the oppressed principle of freedom has to the aid of victorious liberty. Then I would humbly ask, are these claims sufficient to insure you generous protectors, not to myself, but to the cause of my native land—not to my native land only, but the principle of freedom in Europe's continent, of which the independence of Hungary is the indispensable keystone? If you consider these claims not sufficient to your active and operative sympathy, then let me know at once that the hopes have failed with Europe's oppressed nations have looked to your great, mighty, and glorious Republic—let me know at once the failure of our hopes, that I may hasten back and tell Europe's oppressed nations, 'Let us fight, forsaken and single-handed, the battle of Leonidas; let us trust to God, to our right, and to our good sword; there is no other help for the oppressed nations on earth.' But if your generous Republican hearts are animated by the high principle of freedom and of the solidarity in the destinies of humanity—if you have the will, as to be sure you have the power, to support the cause of freedom against the sacrilegious league of despotism—then give me some days of calm reflection, to become acquainted with the ground upon which I stand; let me take the kind advice of some active friends on the most practical course I have to adopt; let me see if there be any preparatory steps taken in favour of that cause which I have the honour to represent; and then let me have a new opportunity to expound before you my humble requests in a practical way. I confidently hope, Mr. Mayor, the corporation and citizens of the Empire City will grant me the second opportunity. If this be your generous will, then let me take this for a boon of happier days, and let me add with a sigh of thanksgiving to the Almighty God, that it is in your glorious country which Providence has selected to be the pillar of freedom, as it is already the asylum to oppressed humanity. I am told that I will have the high honour to review your patriotic militia. O God! how my heart throbs at the idea to see this gallant army enlisted on the side of freedom against despotism; the world would be free, and you the saviours of humanity. And why not? The gallant men take part in the mighty demonstration of the day, proving that I was right when I said that now a days even the bayonets think. Citizens of New York, it is under your protection that I place the sacred cause of freedom and independence of Hungary."

THE REFORM CAMPAIGN: REPULSE.

Last week Lord John Russell returned a cool and supercilious refusal to the application by Mr. Milner Gibson for an interview on behalf of the deputation appointed at the late Conference at Manchester. Of course, Manchester could not quietly submit to this; and accordingly the gentlemen of the Conference met on Tuesday, under the presidence of Mr. George Wilson, to mark their sense of the affront. Mr. Wilson thought Lord John would "exceedingly regret" what he had done, as it would not "contribute in the slightest degree to the maintenance of the proper spirit of communication" between Manchester and Downing-street. He further said that Lord John had "done wrong" in not receiving the the deputation, composed as it was of the constituents of members of Parliament, whose only fault was that they had too uniformly supported the Premier.

Mr. Bright, M.P., considered the reason given by the Premier as "evasive and unsatisfactory."

"He had formed a very improper notion of the duties of a Prime Minister in a constitutional and representative country, if the conduct of Lord John Russell was to be approved. (*Hear, hear.*) If his lordship had intended to bring forward a measure of reform such as would meet the views of that large party in the country who had advocated reform at all, it appeared to him (Mr. Bright) that, instead of confining himself to the little circle of his own party connections, or contenting himself with the meagre information which any individual scout of his might pick up in various parts of the country, it should have been precisely what his lordship wished, that a dozen or twenty gentlemen of education and influence and great knowledge of their respective localities should meet him in Downing-street, and have a free conversation with him on the subject. (*Hear, hear.*) What was the good of men going to see Sir Charles Wood—and he confessed there was not very much good in it—(*'hear, hear,' and laughter*)—but what was the good of any deputation going to see the Chancellor of the Exchequer previous to the introduction of the budget? Why did they go from Manchester and Liverpool about the tea duties, and from the metropolis about the window duties? Merely because they happened to have a stronger sense of the injustice perpetrated, and were, therefore, the people the soonest and the loudest to complain. If Lord John Russell had any wish to ascertain the opinion of people such as the recent deputation was composed of, and unless he was better acquainted with the feelings and wishes of the country than he (Mr. Bright) supposed he was, he had lost a good deal by his conduct. (*Hear, hear.*) Probably Lord John thought that if he admitted this deputation, he might soon have another from Birmingham (*hear, hear*), and perhaps he might. But he (Mr. Bright) did not know what a Prime Minister was for, unless it was to endeavour to conduct the Government in accordance with the principles of the constitution and the wishes of the people. (*Hear, hear.*) If his lordship meant to shut himself in Woburn-abbey, or some other aristocractic seclusion, and to take only the opinion of his own immediate party—if a dozen or so members of a clique were to draw out what was to be the Government of the country for some fifty years to come—we were really in no better position than some of the nations abroad that we had been pitying so much of late. (*'Hear, hear,' and applause.*) Lord John Russell might have a better reason than he had chosen to give; all he (Mr. Bright) would say was, that the reason given was wholly unsatisfactory, and what was more, he was bound to tell his lordship, that he did not think it was the true one. (*Hear, hear.*)

Mr. Bright moved the following resolution:—

"That this meeting regrets extremely that Lord John Russell has declined to receive the deputation appointed at the late Conference, and cannot but regard the reason assigned as evasive and unsatisfactory. That on a question of an improved representation, the opinions of a deputation appointed at a Conference, representing to a large extent the feelings of the population of the two most populous counties in the United Kingdom, cannot be without influence, and have a strong claim on the respectful consideration of the Government; and this meeting expresses its apprehension that the course taken by the Minister is not calculated to increase the confidence of the Reformers of the United Kingdom in his intention to bring forward a substantial measure of Parliamentary Reform."

Mr. Kershaw, M.P., seconded the resolution, and concurred.

Mr. G. Hadfield suggested that the word "evasive" be struck out of the resolution, as it seemed to him almost *ungentlemanly*, although he would not say it was *untrue*. After some conversation it was agreed that the words "most unsatisfactory" should be substituted. Mr. Henry Ashworth said, that if the deputation had been one about Papal aggression, not a word would have been said against it. [A Voice: Or about bishop-making.] ("*Hear,*" *and laughter.*)

The resolution was unanimously adopted. Subsequently, Mr. Bright suggested that money would be required; and the meeting agreed to a resolution stating that it was the duty of those who are in favour of Parliamentary Reform to pay the expenses of agitation. Mr. Bright and Mr. G. Hadfield promised fifty pounds each. That is the sum of the meeting.

THE COMING STRIKE AT MANCHESTER.

It is rumoured that the operatives at Manchester are going to strike work to obtain certain set objects. They are urged on, it is asserted, by the Trades Union. The objects are thus stated in a letter to the *Times*, signed *Amicus*, evidently with a strong bias against the men:—

"The Union demands:—

"1. That the system of working extra hours or overtime be abolished, excepting in cases of breakdown; and that when such overtime is worked it shall be paid for at double rate.

"2. That the system of piece or task work be entirely discontinued.

"3. That the masters at once, and without reserve, discharge the class of persons engaged in and long trained to the working of self-acting machines, and employ in their stead mechanics, members of the Union.

"These are the formal demands; but it is understood that the council are prepared to advocate an equalization of the rate of wages; to lend themselves, in fact, to an agitation for a trial of the ingenious doctrines of M. Louis Blanc."

Amicus, whose friendliness is more than questionable, continues.

"Now, Sir, the consideration of such demands as these on the part of the employed to their masters would open out too wide a field of inquiry to be brought within the limits of a single letter in your columns. We should have to discuss the right of one workman to restrict the amount of labour of his fellow; whether the idle and unskilful should be allowed to rule the industrious and expert, and prevent the latter from gaining 10s. because the former could not earn, perhaps, more than 4s.; whether, in obedience to the caprice of an agitating committee, the dismissal of good and faithful servants, who have in no way misconducted themselves and are fully competent to their work, should follow as a matter of course; and many other similar topics. But permit me to direct your especial attention to the fact that the Union Committee again recommends its members to have recourse to intimidation and threat as the surest means of obtaining a concession. The Manchester masters have certainly adopted a decisive measure for the salvation of their trade and the protection of the really well-disposed among their operatives, and it is to be hoped that the misguided men, the many victims of the designing few, will have the good sense to see that their true interests are bound up with those of their employers, and are not to be promoted by proceedings which would cripple trade and destroy that control of management essential to success. Should they drive matters to the extremities threatened, should the strike actually occur, and your readers be pained with the recital of further attempts upon life, as recently at Leeds, then some strong legal measure will be emphatically demanded for the suppression of these dangerous combinations, and they may rely upon it that public sympathy and the general support of employers of labour in all districts of the country will accompany the Manchester firms in the steps they may decide upon."

This minatory letter was the next day followed by a leader still more menacing. The doctrine laid down by the *Times* being that of the most perfect freedom of trade in labour—for the masters; the most perfect subserviency for the men. Mr. W. Newton, one of the Council of Amalgamated Engineers, has addressed a letter to the *Times*, showing that "Amicus" is wholly wrong. For our parts we have only this to say, as we have said before: Working men are not protected by the law; combination, so facile among the masters, is not only not rendered easy, but positively forbidden—under penalties—among the men. The "strong measures" required by the urgency of the ease, are strong measures of protection of the right of workmen, so long as competition is the god of trade, to meet, combine, and exact what wages they can—all things considered. Meanwhile we are investigating the facts of the case, which we shall lay before our readers.

A meeting of the representatives of the principal engineering firms was held at the London Coffee-house, Ludgate-hill, on Wednesday evening last, to take into consideration certain demands made by engineers, millwrights, mechanics, and others, on their employers, which demands have been accompanied by threats that, unless they are acceded to, a general strike will take place throughout the country on the last day of the present year. Mr. Joseph Field, of the firm of Maudsley, Field, and Co. (Lambeth), was called to the chair. The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, read several communications which had been received from different parts of the country, and stated that the demands which had been made were to the following effect:—1. The abolition of overtime, excepting in case of breakdown. 2. When overtime is absolutely necessary, it is to be paid for at double rates. 3. The abolition of the system of piece work. 4 The unconditional discharge of all labourers, or such class of persons at present engaged in working planting machines, or tools of similar character, and the employment in their stead of mechanics members of the union. The meeting was addressed by several employers, and certain resolutions were unanimously agreed to. These resolutions affirmed that the demands referred to were an attempt to ignore the right of every British subject to dispose of his labour or capital according to his individual views of his own interest; that it was advisable that the threats held out of dictation to employers and tyranny over the employed should be promptly and peremptorily resisted; that if the threats were carried into effect, vast numbers of skilled workmen would be thrown out of engagements, on account of the employers being compelled to close their establishments until the vacancies can be supplied. It was also determined that, as a mean of self-defence, the employers would, in the event of the hands of any establishment going out on strike on the 31st of December, or at any subsequent period, entirely close their establishments on the 10th of January, 1852, or within one week after such other period respectively, until the causes which have rendered this step necessary shall have been removed to the satisfaction of the employers. In order to carry out these resolutions, it was resolved that a society should be formed, to be called "The Central Association of Employers of Operative Engineers," &c., and the following gentlemen were elected to constitute that body:—Messrs. J. Field, John Scott Russell, Thomas Maudsley, John Penn, George Rennie, Richard Ravenhill, John Seward, Bryan Donkin, jun., Henry Grissell, C. E. Amos, John Blyth, Joel Spiller, and George Bovill. It was agreed that another meeting of representatives of the principal firms should be held so soon as circumstances rendered it necessary. Thanks were voted to the chairman, and the proceedings terminated.

SAXONS AND CELTS.

A lecture was delivered at the Whittington Club, on the 18th, by Newenham Travers, M.A., upon Celts and Saxons, in which the lecturer exposed the inconsistency of the "War-of-Races" theory, upon the ground taken up by ethnologists themselves, who assert the common origin of races, and admit that there are really no natural barriers to their fusion. He showed that the more violent process which once extinguished races by the sword is now changing to one more peaceful and useful, which amalgamates them by common interests, and whose action is tending to the destruction of distinctive barriers, though not necessarily of distinctive characteristics, which will continue as long as the physical world shall present its inexhaustible varieties.

The allegation that the Celtic race is effete was met by the examples of Cornwall, Lancaster, the North of Ireland, France, Switzerland, and, above all, America, where Celtic blood is now almost predominant, and which it becomes us now more than ever not to irritate, by the application of preconceived theories to so large an element in its new and marked national character. The decline of the Celts was admitted wherever they had courted or preferred isolation, but this fact was instanced in confirmation of the argument that no race can preserve its vitality if secluded from others. The same law applies in this to communities as to individuals, and the decay of royal families was alleged in support of the argument.

The lecturer traced, at too great length to be noticed here, the chief points of contrast between the two races; alleging, as sufficiently accountable for the stationary character of the Celts, their prior occupation of western Europe, and the consequent defensive and isolated position which they had been compelled to assume in presence of the restless tribes which poured over the Roman empire from the German forests. This continued existence, under such circumstances, was some proof of unextinguished vigour; nor was sufficient attention paid by ethnologists, real or pretended, to the causes which, in Ireland especially, had worked to produce, as much as possible, the degradation and even the extinction of the race in the long period from the statutes of Kilkenny—making intermarriage with the Celt high treason—to the Union, a period, in its latter portion especially, of "sad servitude," as Grattan said, "to the one side, of drunken triumph to the other." When, however, the disturbing forces have been regulated, the perplexing connection of contradictory qualities which had astonished and confounded us no longer appear. Healthy nature does not perpetuate deformities. Remove the ligaments, and the deformity disappears, and the Celt is found to be a reasonable agent.

The restless character of the Saxon was contrasted with the more indolent temperament of the Celt; but was alleged as some evidence of incompleteness, "never ending, still beginning."

It might, it was asserted, be advantageously blended with the less vigorous but graceful and delicate organisation of the Celt. To the Saxon the present is all in all; nor can tradition chain his reason, nor custom sanction in his sight what his present needs find inadequate to their supply. Yet will he use to the utmost the institutions by which he is surrounded, sometimes even when they are seen to have lost their vigour, though always remodelling them when time imperatively demands the change; thus differing from the slave, who accepts every change and every master; and from the despot, who stereotypes the forms of the past, and rules irresponsible under them.

The lecturer proceeded to remark on the imperishable character of the early Teutonic ideas, whose vitality still pervades our institutions. He instanced those of self-government—abhorrence of tribute—a fact against which Filmer struggled in vain—the recognition of the true theory of royal or governing power, and the right to condemn as guilty of treason any who should try to assume it without authority (instanced even in the case of Arminius)—trial by jury—the stipulation that service should be done for all grants, the Church not excepted, a rule from which we have in some respects dangerously declined—and not least, that which contained the germ of national education, the law which made the well-doing of all a responsibility not only of himself but of his surety. These, it was observed, were ideas existing before the time of Alfred, who only modelled his institutions from them, and who expressly professed to hold to that which was old.

After some further remarks upon the present and the future of the Celtic race, which does not simply merge in the American people, but acts as in some chemical combinations (where elements apparently heterogeneous produce a result new and surprising), the lecturer gave instances to show that the Anglo-Saxon character was still immature, and its history not yet fully developed. He instanced its useless and expensive wars, rarely undertaken in support of a principle, its unimportant party triumphs, the mere family interests with which its glory was thought to be associated; and contrasted these with the results flowing from the labours of Arkwright, Watt, Wheatstone, the ideas of Locke and Bentham, and the increase of national education and intelligence, in proof that the true present of the race would be found in the time when all its members should work for the good of all, and all share in the results.

The lecturer asserted, in conclusion, that all races which have occupied any place in history have manifested characteristics whose extinction were a loss to humanity, but that none such have been really extinguished, nor did he see that any race possessed them all. It was the belief of the largest-hearted of men that the existing barriers between races must be removed for the full development of the still latent powers of humanity, and every thing tended this way. War destroyed those barriers, commerce blended and fused the living mass. Political geography forbade the idea of immutable distinctions. Railways and the electric telegraph were penetrating or overleaping all impediments, and drawing nations into a narrower circle. We gain increased sympathies by wider intercommunication, and our thoughts of each other now are no longer as fearful as when our day's journey was scarce more than the Sabbath-day's journey of the Jew.

THE PARTIES IN ITALY.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

There exists now in Italy, to speak correctly, but one party; that party is the great national one. Without it there can only be factions and opinions.

I call party a nucleus of men having a principle, a defined aim, an instrument, and an organisation to attain that aim. The principle must embrace and unite both the national tradition and the future, the consciousness of the country as it was and as it will be: the aim must be general, common to all the inhabitants of the country, and superior to all secondary, sectional, and local objects; the instrument must be analogous to the aim, must include all the living forces of the country, and its action in conformity with the logic of the affinities between the principle and the object. The principle affords to the party the right and power of initiative; the instrument, strength of realization; the aim, morality.

Whenever a party re-unites in itself those characteristic conditions, victory is on its side, in spite of all obstacles. God and logic, reason and the force of circumstances combat for and with it. Wherever those conditions do not unite, you may be sure that there is nothing but a faction; an opinion, but no party, no sacred nucleus called forth to gain sooner or later the adhesion of the whole country.

Faction is an instrument without principle, without a general aim. It substitutes caste or individual interests for principle: for a general aim, a partial, secondary object; it can have its action, but no consecration of thought.

Opinion may have a principle; it may have a very incomplete, very vague conception of an aim, but it possesses no instrument. It is to party what philosophy is to faith—it represents an individual aspiration without any collective strength—a thought without action. It can frequently, like heresy, indicate a step in advance on the road of futurity; it has no positive, practical, value, on the ground of actuality; it can introduce into the bosom of a party a dissolving, more or less active, element; but it has no power to create one in its own name. Like faction, it is in want of the necessary elements for an initiative. Monarchism can furnish in Italy no other elements but those which form a faction. Federalism is and can never be anything else but an opinion—an exaggated protestation in favour of liberty, which nobody in Italy dreams of attacking. It is totally deprived of the quality of attaining a common, superior, end; if it could ever organise itself, it would render the NATION an utter impossibility.

Monarchism, as a positive element—as a source of life or progress—never entered into the historical tradition of Italy. It has only, inertly and impotently, superposed itself on the country, by the aid of corruption and foreign tyranny, but it has never associated itself with its destinies. It has ever been an icy incubus, stopping the beatings of the nation's heart—it has, during three hundred years, hermetically kept down the tombstone over all collective movement and unitarian aspiration—it has always been utterly incompetent to conceive for itself a mission, a function to perform. It slid into central Italy over the glorious ruins of the Florentine republic, after Charles V., misleading, amidst the debris, the only idea that could have given a sense to royalty, viz., unification. It left Italy dismembered—partitioned into little states, without strength, without tie, without progress. It was never anything else, to speak correctly, but the steward of the palace of foreign royalties; and the only princely house whose tactics occasionally assumed a course of independence did but oscillate between France and Austria.

How then could Monarchism pretend to furnish a vital element to the Italian constitution? To what recollections could it appeal, when it never had any faith in the People, and whom the People only knew

by its oppression and taxes? Where could it find an intermedial body to put between itself and the rising tide of Democracy, in a land of divided property, of equality of manners, of farmed agricultultural association, which still contains some nobles, but which never had a united, a compact, and organized nobility, playing a rôle in and for the nation? How could it emancipate the country, when it never had the unity of the country in its hand? and how could it obtain unity before accomplishing the work of emancipation, from whence it only could derive a title for itself? By what unforeseen combination, by what unknown power, could it break through that vicious circle, in which it incessantly lingers, decreasing and daily straitening its movements? Perhaps by a princely confederation, among kings of foreign origin, placed under the oppressive influence of foreign bayonets, almost all of them hated and despised by the People, mutually hating and distrusting each other; seeing, in the first instance, in the ascendancy of one the ruin of the rest, and in the second in the ascendancy of the only legitimate King of Italy, viz., the nation, the same result! Or would it perhaps be by a sudden rising of a man of devotion and genius, of a Napoleon of nationality, from the bosom of degenerated, effete royal races, condemned to receive an education between that of an Austrian corporal and a Jesuit? But the Napoleon was engendered by the Revolution: he did not engender it.

There is no possibility for royalty in Italy to take the initiative; it is certainly not in the hands of that sordid and groping Piedmontese monarchy, which, before it moved in 1848, ought to have awaited the triumph of the popular barricades in Lombardy—of that monarchy which, in taking the field, without any faith in success, merely purposed to gain on the ruins of Democracy a diplomatic precedent—without even understanding that, to attain the crown of Italy, it ought to have thrown into the tide of the national revolution of Italy, the diadem of Piedmont, and substituted Rome for Turin. It is beginning again its game of see-saw, in the face of the national movement it foresees; it pursues more than ever its ambiguous tactics: viz., the impeding, as much as possible, the Italian popular movement, and the being ever at hand to profit by it, the moment it breaks out. But it will never dare to strengthen itself, and never initiate the war of independence; it will await the triumph of the popular insurrection; it will be the dangerous and perfidious ally of the morrow, never of the eve. Now, what is a party, essentially deprived of initiative?

Monarchy, therefore, has ceased to have any believers in Italy; it has only men assuming to themselves the appellation of opportunists; Republicans by theory, Royalists on the ground of facts, they form for the present only—we speak without reservation—the party of fear; the party of men without faith, devotion, and courage, who recoil from the responsibility of an initiative, endeavouring to justify their inaction by saying that the initiative will proceed from the house of Savoy. But when once the popular initiative will gain ground and strength, they will rally. Federalism will never go beyond opinion, repulsed, as it is, by the national sentiment, and condemning Italy, as it does, beforehand to impotency, the instinct of the masses, the enthusiasm of the enlightened youth, the recollection of our quarrels of the middle ages, the wishes of all the provincial towns, the fear of the local aristocracies, the holy name of Rome, and the consciousness of the Italian mission, are opposed to it; it only flatters the prejudice of three towns—Turin, Naples, and Florence—the vanity of some intellectual mediocrities, and the hopes of some financial influences, fearing to disappear and vanish in the great assizes of the nation. It denies the country, without founding the commune.

The commune may be as much enslaved in a small as in a large state; and so much the more would it suffer from the pressure of the centre, the nearer that centre lies to the extremities. The guaranties of the commune belong to the problem of centralisation, which has nothing in common with that of federation; its administrative liberty will find its best safeguard in the national political unity. Federation can do nothing for the commune; it can only introduce between those two unique terms of the great Italian tradition, commune and nation, the factitious, arbitrary, dangerous, and anti-economical element of the province-state. By it Italy is given up to foreign influences. It effaces the thought of Dante, of Machiavelli, of Napoleon—in short, that of all great thinkers, of all the holy martyrs of the Italian cause. The consequences of it are so strongly felt in our country, that, two months ago, the faint light of federalism, which, contrary to the intention of the subscribers, pierced through the manifesto of the Franco-Spanish-Italian committee, received a universal, and in some points even exaggerated reprobation.

Moreover, an unhappy dilemma circumscribes federation, and prevents it from becoming a party. It must either accept the present division of Italy, that hostile, arbitrary, and abhorred conception of Vienna and of 1815, the mere touch of which withers it, or it must improvise another; and, resuscitating the old rivalries of our towns, without any possible basis for tracing out any circumscriptions, it forcibly marches towards the exclusive enthronement of independent communal municipalities, *i.e.*, tyranny on the one hand, and anarchy on the other.

Italy is essentially republican, essentially unitarian; she is so by all her traditions and by all her instincts; she is so by the consciousness of the important rôle she feels herself called upon to perform in the bosom of mankind, for the welfare of all; she is so by her solidarity with Europe, who, consecrated by popular baptism, evidently marches on towards a reorganisation by great masses, almost equipotent, and associated, according to their special tendencies, for the common work—pacific development, progress in thought, and action of all for all. Such is her programme, and you may be assured she will never deviate from it.

Such is also the programme of the national party of which I spoke at the beginning—a party, the Italian National Committee endeavours to represent. Its views are those of all the active men of our country, associated and organised for the object, the attainment of which is to restore Italy to Europe, Rome to the world; reunite the sympathetic bonds between her and France; strike the decisive blow at the double tyranny, spiritual and temporal, of the Pope and the Emperor, and introduce for ever into the sphere of reality, the great principle of liberty of conscience, and the eternal progress of the human thought.

Joseph Mazzini.

DREADFUL COLLIERY EXPLOSION.

One of those tremendous explosions which so frequently occur in the history of the coal districts took place on Saturday. The scene of the catastrophe was Rawmarsh, near Rotherham; the time about ten minutes before six o'clock in the morning; at which time Mr. Silvester, the underground steward, went into the pit, as usual, to examine the state of the workings. One or two men went down with him, and he was followed shortly afterwards by the whole body of miners employed. In what state he found the pit is not known, for he has not been seen since, and it is believed he is among those who have perished. It appears, however, that he did not find the pit in such a condition as to induce him to stop the working, for the men and boys had generally gone down, and everything seemed to be proceeding in the usual mode. To outward appearance, everything went on as usual until a few minutes before seven o'clock. At that time, not only those near the pit, but the whole neighbourhood, were astounded and horrified by an explosion like that of a volcano. Smoke and flame burst from the mouth of the pit in an appalling volume. Two corves which were being drawn out of the pit were projected upwards with volcanic force, and lodged in the gearing over the shaft. A great quantity of coals, stones, and other matter, which had been carried high into the air, fell in so dense a shower that the persons employed near the pit mouth were compelled to take shelter under the platform of the tipplers for loading the carts; and it was only by this precaution that they escaped fatal injuries. The country all round the pit was blackened to a distance of three-quarters of a mile by the descent of the dust and smoke. The effect of the explosion in this respect may be judged of from the fact that the face of a man who was standing at his cottage-door two fields' length from the pit was blackened as if he had been working in the pit itself. The report of the explosion was heard at a distance of three miles. The whole country round was filled with consternation, and crowds of persons hastened to the place.

The colliery consists of two pits near together. The deeper pit, of 127 yards, works the nine-foot seam. The other pit, 90 yards deep, works the five-foot seam. These two pits are connected by a shaft through the five-foot seam down to the nine foot—an air-furnace being connected with the shaft of the five-foot pit, so as to create an up-draught.

The explosion took place in the northern part of the workings of the deeper seam, but communicated by the shaft to the upper seam. The force of the explosion may be judged from the fact that the corve ascending the deeper shaft, which was loaded with 16 cwt. of coal, was projected into the air, and the coal fell around on every side like the cinders from a volcano.

Gradually the dead and the living were extricated from the pit, by the energies and courage of their fellows above ground. Forty-nine dead bodies were brought up by Sunday night, and some were still missing. From miles round came the relatives and friends of the dead and wounded: carrying away these, and weeping and raving over those. The scene was more terrible than a battle-field, for there were friends and relatives, wives and daughters, sons and sires, gathered round the remains of all they held dear in life.

On Monday morning a dreadful explosion of fire-damp occurred near Wigan, Lancashire, by which thirteen lives were lost. The colliery is that of Mr. A. F. Halliburton, at Ince, near Wigan; and the explosion took place in what is called the "Deep Pit," or "Arley Mine," the shaft of which is upwards of 900 feet deep. The workings are very extensive, and run south-east and north-west from the bottom of the shaft. Hitherto they have been so free from the explosive gas, which is such a scourge to people in this kind of employment, that the coal-getters worked with naked candles. There has not been an explosion of any consequence before, though there have been what the colliers term "flushes," by which men have been slightly burnt. Firemen, however, are employed to examine the workings with lamps before the coal-getters are allowed to work every morning, and on Monday morning these men proceeded down the shaft as early as four to half-past four o'clock in the morning. They reported all safe, and at five to half-past five nearly one hundred men and boys proceeded to work, descending the shaft, and proceeding to their places of destination in the workings. Seventeen men proceeded to their destinations in the south-east levels, and the remainder took the opposite direction, to a very remote part from the others. About six o'clock the report of a terrific explosion was heard, and the greatest consternation was created among the top-men and people about the surface of the pit, who, not knowing the extent of injury inflicted, became anxious as to the best course to be pursued under the circumstances. The signal, however, was soon received by the engine-tenter to draw up some of the workmen, and the greatest haste was used in extricating them. It was ultimately ascertained that the explosion had occurred in the south-east workings, and that the whole of the people in the other portions of the mine had escaped all injury except what was likely to result from the sulphur or choke-damp which succeeds these terrible catastrophes. From the south-east levels only four persons escaped, and these were so exhausted with choke-damp that it was with difficulty they could give any idea of what had occurred. From the account given by a boy employed as a drawer, it is probable that the explosion occurred in a bay at the face of the coal, about 1650 feet under ground, to the south-east of the shaft. This youth says he descended, with a coaler named Robert Davies, at a quarter-past five o'clock, and soon after getting to the far end of the level, where Davies worked, he was despatched towards the shaft with a tub of coals that he had filled. He and his little brother had reached a shunt about 450 feet from where they left Davies and some other colliers and drawers, when they stopped to rest, and two other drawers joined them. They had sat talking about ten minutes when an explosion was heard, and terrible gusts of air came past them with such force that the rails on which the carriages ran were torn up, and driven past them with great violence. A piece of iron went so close to him that it struck the edge of his ear and wounded it. Small pieces of coal were carried along by these blasts, and great numbers of these small particles struck his back with such force as to enter the skin. He started immediately after for the shaft; but, recollecting his little brother, he turned back, and, as well as the sulphur would permit, shouted for him. His brother was suffocating almost from the sulphur, and could not reply, but laid hold of him as he was passing, and he raised the boy up and assisted him to the shaft, which they reached much exhausted. After these boys were rescued, search was made for the other workpeople, but it was near eleven o'clock before they were found, thirteen of them dead.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The Avon, with the West Indian and South American mails, arrived at Southampton on Thursday. With reference to the Behring Straits Arctic searching expedition, we learn that her Majesty's ship Dædalus, Captain Wellesley, had returned from Behring's Straits as far as San Francisco, on the 22nd of October, after a passage of twenty-one days, on her way to join Admiral Moresby. By that ship information has been received that the Plover, Commander Moore, had passed the winter in Grantley Harbour, and was rejoined by the Enterprise, Captain Collinson, C.B., from Hong-Kong, on July 3, who, on the 10th, proceeded northward. The Dædalus and Plover met at Port Clarence towards the end of July, the former deeply laden with provisions and stores, and prepared to pass the winter in the ice, should that prove necessary from any accident having happened to the Plover. The crew of the Plover had suffered a good deal from scurvy during the winter, but no lives were lost, and a great number of the crew were removed, and replaced by volunteers from the Dædalus. We regret to state that the Enterprise has been less fortunate, having lost two officers. These are Lieutenant J. Barnard and Mr. Whitehead, clerk in charge. Lieutenant Barnard and Mr. E. Adams, assistant-surgeon of the Enterprise, had been left at Michaelowski, the Russian trading post in Norton Bay, in October last, for the purpose of collecting information of the missing expedition, from the Russian posts and from the natives inland. In pursuance of this object, Lieutenant Barnard, with an interpreter, had gone, early in January, to a distant post, intending to communicate, if possible, with some of the neighbouring chiefs. During the night the post was surrounded by a large body of Ko-yu-Kuk Indians, several of whom at daybreak entered the principal dwelling and killed the Russian governor. Lieutenant Barnard and the interpreter, who were in the same house, made such resistance as drove the Indians out of the house. They then laid siege to the post, sheltering themselves behind wooden shields, stuck upright in the snow; but one of them being soon afterwards shot, the whole party retired to an Esquimaux village at some distance, where they committed great cruelties, killing upwards of sixty natives, including women and children. Lieutenant Barnard died of his wounds on the afternoon of the day following the attack. Mr. Adams, on hearing of the event at Michaelowski, proceeded with a number of Russians to the distant post, where he saw the body of his late companion, in which were numerous wounds, the principal one being in the abdomen, and of such an extent as to have proved inevitably fatal. Mr. Whitehead's death took place on board the Enterprise, while

on her passage from Hong-Kong to Port Clarence. Lieutenant E. L. Cooper (invalided), and Mr. John Simpson (B), surgeon (on promotion), came to San Francisco by the Dædalus on their way to England by Panama. The whaling vessels have crowded in great numbers this year again to the Straits of Behring, but have not been so successful as before. The season has been a late one in those seas, and, the ice floating about until late in July, has caused many disasters, no less than eleven or twelve vessels having been lost, but not many lives. Among the vessels endangered by being "beset" by the ice were the Enterprise and Dædalus, somewhere near St. Lawrence Island. The line of ice in the Arctic Sea has likewise been found in a lower latitude than in the two preceding years. There is no account of the Investigator, Commander M'Clure, since July, 1850; probably he is to the ice eastward of Point Barrow. Her Majesty's ship Dædalus sailed from San Francisco for the Sandwich Islands on the 31st of October.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Prince Albert has been elected honorary member of the Berlin Building Society.

The Bishop of Hereford's carriage, containing his lordship, his son, and Mr. Cox, was overset by a truck in the streets of Hereford on Monday. No one was injured.

Lieutenant Pim, R.N., arrived at St. Petersburg on the 13th instant. He purposes proceeding to the mouth of the Kolyma River, *viâ* Irkutsk and Jakutsk, in Siberia.

Mr. E. J. Lowe, M.R.A.S., has generously offered to transfer his valuable collection of astronomical, meteorological, and optical apparatus, to trustees, with the view of founding a midland establishment or observatory for the promotion of meteorological and astronomical science, on condition that a sufficient sum be raised to buy or build a house, with garden, &c., for a resident observer, to secure to such person an annual income, suitable to his position and requisite knowledge—say £200 a year, and to provide for the repairs and improvements which may from time to time become advisable. Mr. Lawson has also offered, besides the donation of the instruments, which cost upwards of £10,000, to contribute 1000 guineas in furtherance of the object. At a special meeting of the Nottingham Town Council the offer was accepted.

General Paul Anderson, C.B., Colonel of the Seventy-Eighth Highlanders, died on the 17th of this month. This gallant officer was for several years the confidential friend of Sir John Moore, upon whose staff he was employed, and he was present at the moment of his decease at Corunna. General Anderson was wounded in the expedition to Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. He subsequently served in the Mediterranean, the West Indies, the Peninsula, and at Walcheren; and at the termination of the war he was appointed Deputy Adjutant-General to the forces at Malta, under the late Sir Thomas Maitland. He succeeded to the colonelcy of the Seventy-Eighth in 1837, which is now again at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief.

The Austrian Ambassador at the British Court, Count Buol-Schauenstein, is reported to have received orders for repairing to his post from Brussels, where he has been staying out of the way of the Kossuth demonstrations.

We have reason to believe that the Marquis of Normanby is about to leave Paris, and that Sir H. Bulwer is likely to replace him as our minister in France. We hear, also, that Count Flahaut will shortly arrive in England as Minister from the French Republic, in the place of M. Walewski, who is about to return to France. —*Standard.*

Granville George Leveson-Gower, second Earl Granville, and now her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is a comparatively young man, having been born in 1815. He graduated at Christ Church, Oxford; was for a short time attaché to the British embassy in Paris, and subsequently Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; was appointed a railway commissioner in 1846, in which year he succeeded to the earldom; master of the Queen's buckhounds, July, 1846; vice-president of the Board of Trade, May, 1848; was M.P. for Morpeth, from February, 1837, to February, 1840, and sat for Lichfield, from September, 1841, to January, 1846; was appointed a deputy-lieutenant of Salop, 1846; second-major, Staffordshire yeomanry, 1848. Earl Granville was, it must be remembered, chairman of the council of the Royal Commission of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The first Earl was a distinguished diplomatist; he was uncle to the second Duke of Sutherland, and was long known as Lord Granville Leveson Gower.

The *Constitutional* of Bohemia states that Kossuth's mother, who was lately surprised in the night at her house by Austrian officers, died at Pesth on the 16th instant.

Field Marshal Radetzky arrived at Venice on the 18th, in order to compliment the Grand Duke Constantine and his consort on the occasion of the Emperor of Russia's birthday.

Mr. Dudley Field, of New York, who has so ably assisted in carrying the important measures of Chancery Reform in that state, was entertained on Saturday by a party of legal gentlemen at the London Tavern.

St. Thomas's Day having fallen on Sunday, the election of Common Councilmen and Ward officers for the coming year was postponed until Monday by virtue of a precept addressed to the Aldermen of the various wards by the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor. In several wards the present members were returned without opposition; and the changes being comparatively few, little, if any, excitement prevailed in those that were contested.

The royal baron of beef was brought into the royal kitchen at Windsor Castle on Tuesday; the process of roasting commenced at eleven o'clock on the morning of that day, and was not completed before eleven o'clock at night. The baron, cut from a handsome Devon ox, was supplied by Mr. Minton, the royal butcher at Windsor; it weighed 430lb., and was placed cold on a side table at the royal banquet on Christmas Day.

Two vessels are being equipped for the purpose of establishing coaling stations and new penal settlements in the Southern Pacific.

In addition to the Rifle Brigade, now under orders for the Cape of Good Hope, it is said that the Eighty-Fifth Foot will also be sent. At present there are, exclusive of the local force, eight regiments of the line and one of Lancers in that colony, and the Forty-Third was shortly expected. The Cape Corps will, in all probability, be converted into a white regiment. Rumour adds that Lord Harris will shortly proceed to the Cape, to supersede Sir Henry Smith in the civil government. The choice of such a man as Lord Harris would, it is believed, be popular in the colony.—*Daily News.*

The split in the Catholic Defence Association has widened. Archbishop Cullen has written a long letter defending the policy of appointing Mr. Wilberforce, and of considering the Catholics of England and Ireland as one body. The *Nation* fiercely denounces the appointment as an ignoring of Ireland. In reference to the letter of Archbishop Cullen, on behalf of Mr. Wilberforce, the same journal says:—"We regret to find that his Grace sees nothing objectionable in the system against which the protest of the Irish members was levelled. The prelates who know Ireland best, and have longest mixed with the people, have come to a different conclusion." The *Tablet* merely gives the result of the election, with the remark—"We are sorry to add that rumour conveys the information that the result of this ballot has excited grave dissatisfaction in certain quarters."

A serious fire occurred on Wednesday at the distillery of Messrs. Burroughes, Aldgate. A still-head blew up, a great quantity of spirits was consumed, but the exertions of the firemen saved considerable property.

The body of a man named Whorrall was found in Coleshill Old Pool, on Saturday, by some boys. A cord tightly encircled the neck, and the legs were tied together. No evidence whatever was brought before the coroner's jury to show whether Whorrall came violently by his death, and consequently the verdict returned was died from strangulation. It is, however, suspected that he was murdered.

A letter from New York states that there can be no doubt of the identity of the notorious George Hackett with the person who, on the 27th of June last, broke into the stores of Mr. Williams, of Newark, Jersey, and stole from thence watches and jewellery to the value of 5000 dollars. He was subsequently arrested in a house in New York, known as the Five Points, in company with another Englishman, and all the stolen property found in his possession. The thieves, who passed under the names of Shields and Thomas, made a desperate resistance, wounding the officers severely with clubs, but were ultimately secured and committed to prison. Here Hackett made a most daring attempt to escape, and astonished the turnkeys by the never-ending supply of files he seemed to have in his possession. It was found necessary to remove him to a new cell every day, so frequent and ingenious were his attempts to break from prison. On being brought up for trial, he pleaded guilty of the burglary, and was sentenced to ten years imprisonment in the State Prison, and two more for the attempt to escape. On hearing his sentence, he coolly requested the judge to "put on the other eight, so as to make the even twenty." His accomplice was sentenced to eleven years, and both are now, writes our correspondent, in "snug quarters," which the gaoler guarantees will "hold them to eternity, if necessary."

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 17th instant, at Radborne-hall, Derbyshire, the Lady Anna Carolina Chandos Pole: a son and heir.

On the 18th instant, the wife of John Murray, Esq., Albemarle-street: a son.

On the 21st instant, at Lichfield, the wife of the Reverend William E. Jelf, vicar of Carlton-in-Craven: a son.

On the 22nd instant, in Dublin, the lady of Colonel J. Bloomfield Gough: a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 17th instant, at Trinity Church, Botleys, the Reverend Frederich H Hotham, rector of Bushbury, Salop, second son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, K. .B., and the Lady Frances Hotham, of Silversands, Surrey, to Eleanor, fourth daughter of Robert Gosling, Esq., of Botley's-park, Surrey.

On the 18th instant, at St. Mark's, Wolverhampton, Rupert Kettle, Esq., of the Oxford Circuit, to Miss Cooke, of Merridale, only child of the late William Cooke, Esq.

On the 20th instant, at St. George's, Hanover-square, John Moore Cole Airey, Esq, second son of the late Lieutenant-General Sir George Airey, K.C.H., and the Honourable Lady Airey, to Amelia, second daughter of G. D. Walah, Esq., of Lisbon.

On the 22nd instant, at St. Jude's Episcopal Church, Glasgow, Dr. Frederick Penny, Professor of Chemistry in the Andersonian University, to Jane Helen Perry, eldest daughter of the late Robert Perry, Esq., M.D., Glasgow.

On the 22nd instant, at Trinity Church, Islington, John P. Cheyne, Lieutenant R.N., to Emma Frances, only daughter of the late Lieutenant Charles Hurst Gardner, R.N., both of Islington.

DEATHS.

On the 13th instant, at Blachford, in his seventieth year, Sir Frederick Leman Rogers, Baronet, of Blachford, Devon.

On the 13th instant, at his lodgings, in Baker-street, Captain the Honourable Charles Southwell, K.H., aged seventy-two, suddenly, from ossification of the heart.

On the 16th instant, at Carlisle, Mr. James Steel, editor and proprietor of the *Carlisle Journal*, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

On the 19th instant, at Hampton Court, the Lady George Seymour, to the great grief of her family.

On the 19th instant, S. M. W. Turner, R.A.

On the 20th instant, in Eaton-square, Sir Bruce Chichester, Baronet, of Arlington-court, Devon, aged fifty-seven.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In reply to inquiries we may state that the Office of the Friends of Italy is No. 10, Southampton-street, Strand.

All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 10, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

Postscript.

Saturday, December 27.

The Queen held a Privy Council yesterday at Windsor Castle. The Ministers were all present except Sir Charles Wood. Lord Granville was duly sworn in, and received the seals of the Foreign-office. The Earl of Westmoreland also had an audience with the Queen.

The *Morning Chronicle* prominently inserts a communication on the Palmerston affair. The following passage is worth considering; we have no means of testing its accuracy.

"One story goes that the probability of a coup d'état in France had been hinted to him—that his opinion was asked as to its propriety—and that he approved it both before and after its execution, in apparent ignorance of its tendency to establish a despotism which would forthwith combine with his old and most inveterate adversaries, the hereditary and established autocrats. He is supposed to have expressed this approval."

On the other hand, the *Post*, organ of the *late* Foreign Secretary, writes very emphatically.

"He approved, it is alleged, of the course adopted by the President of the French Republic, and his colleagues not only 'differed from him in their views' on this subject, but there was 'a marked difference between their mode of dealing with the emergency' and that of the noble Viscount. The *Times* takes great care to impress upon his readers that he does not speak here from official information. It is well that he enters this caveat. For we do not hesitate to assert, upon grounds and authority which leave on our minds no doubt of the fact, that, when the matter shall be fully investigated, and the proofs laid before the public, it will be found that the Cabinet has, since Lord Palmerston's retirment, officially communicatd to the French Government 'views and sentiments' precisely similar in every respect to those which had been communiesated to that Government by Lord Palmerston, and that there is 'no difference' whatever between their 'mode' and his of dealing with this emergency. We make this statement with the fullest confidence that it will be found correct, and we have a claim to be believed, inasmuch as we have never misled the public mind in any matter."

A correspondent of the *Daily News* calls upon us to suspend our judgment, as the facts have yet to be explained. He disbelieves all the assertions of the *Times*—especially the main assertion, that Palmerston approved the coup d'état. But he says that, if Lord Palmerston really did desire such a fall for France, "no punishment that public opinion can devise is too signal for such treachery."

The *Time* stries to divert the controversy from Why Palmerston was dismissed, to What will he do?

The Humboldt arrived at Cowes yesterday. She brings papers from New York up to the 13th instant. The immense enthusiasm aroused by Kossuth was increasing. On the 11th instant, a grand banquet was given in his honour at the Irving-house by the Corporation of New York. The speech of Kossuth on this occasion was said to be his masterpiece. It developed in the clearest manner his views and expectations regarding the action of the United States in reference to intervention in Hungarian affairs.

The *New York Times* of the 13th contains the subjoined telegraphic summary from Washington of the proceedings in the Senate in reference to the reception of Kossuth:—

"The Kossuth resolution was called up by Mr. Seward. [This resolution provides for a public reception of Kossuth by the Congress.] Mr. Hale announced that he had paired off with Mr. Berrien, who was called away by illness. The debate was resumed. Mr. Mallony spoke in favour of the resolution, and Mr. Badger made a long declamation against it.

"Mr. Seward followed. He rebuked the policy which strives to reject an expression of our sympathy towards the illustrious exile. Kossuth, if this resolution should not prevail, would retire, and whither? To his own country he cannot go,—from Turkey he has just been released,—and to England he must look, in such an emergency, for aid and shelter. Yet we recognize him as the representative of Democracy. Shall he, then, be compelled to retrace his steps? The question must go before the tribunal of public opinion. Mr Seward went on to portray the state of the public feeling in relation to this subject, and made a most effective speech.

"When Mr. Seward had concluded, the question was taken on the first branch of Mr. Berrien's amendment, and it was rejected—yeas 14, nays 26. The second clause was then put, and lost. Mr. Borland thereupon moved a substitute for Mr. Shields's amendment, tendering a cordial expression of sympathy to the people of Hungary, recognizing Kossuth as Governor of Hungary, and inviting himself and his associates to the capital as the guests of the nation; and also providing for a suitable appropriation to be placed at the disposal of the President to defray the expenses of their entertainment. This amendment was rejected. The one previously offered by Mr. Shields was also lost. Yeas, 16; nays, 23.

"The joint resolution submitted by Mr. Seward was

then ordered to a third reading by the following vote, and passed:—Yeas, 33; nays 6.

"The resolution of welcome to Kossuth has thus triumphantly passed in the Upper House by a majority of 27. Of course it will be adopted in the other branch in much less time than has been occupied in discussing it in the Senate."

Kossuth has published the following manifesto to the people of the United States:—

"New York, December 12.

"Having come to the United States to avail myself for the cause of my country, of the sympathy which I had reason to believe existed in the heart of the nation, I found it my duty to declare, in the first moments of my arrival, that it is my mission to plead the independence of Hungary and the liberty of the European continent before the great republic of the United States. My principle in this respect is that every nation has the sovereign right to dispose of its own domestic affairs without any foreign interference; that, therefore, I shall not meddle with any domestic concerns of the United States, and that I expect it from all the friends of my cause not to do anything in respect to myself that could throw difficulties in my way, and, while expressing sympathy for the cause, would injure it.

"It is with regret that I must feel the necessity of again making that appeal to the public opinion of this country, and particularly to those who profess themselves to be the friends of my cause, to give one proof of their sympathy by avoiding every step which might entangle me in difficulties in respect to that rule which I have adopted, and which I again declare to be my leading principle, viz., not to mix, and not to be mixed up with, whatever domestic concerns or party questions.

"L. Kossuth."

Kossuth's health is said to be much enfeebled by the excessive labour imposed upon him of receiving and responding to the numerous addresses pouring in from almost every town and association in the American Union. Already it appears by the *New York Herald*, the ex-Governor of Hungary has made no less than twenty-six set orations since his arrival in New York.

Telegraphic despatches from Washington state that on the 12th inst. Mr. Cass, of Michigan, moved and carried his resolution, as follows:—

"Resolved,—That the President of the United States be requested to communicate to the Senate, if not inconsistent with the public interest, any information he may have received respecting the firing into the American steam-ship Prometheus by a British vessel of war in November last, near Greytown, on the Mosquito coast; and also what measures had been taken by the Executive to ascertain the state of the facts, and to vindicate the honour of the country."

The sullen silence and secrecy, inseparable from the Absolutist form of Government, are already the characteristics of the powers that be, in France. Alleged facts come to us direct from official sources; discussion has disappeared. The following is the result of the Presidential election, as far as known, to a late hour last night. In eighty-one departments, of which the returns in twenty-three are complete, the numbers were:—

Yes.....	6,011,000
No.....	709,000

The *Bulletin de Paris* says that there is a probability of a modification in the French Ministry, by which M. de Morny would be transferred to the department of Foreign Affairs, and M. Baroche to that of the Interior.

The *Times* of this morning, in a leader on French politics asserts, that the *Spectre Rouge* must have been really a spectre; a bugbear invented by the Government. The close connection of the Élysée and the Vatican calls forth some strong description:—

"We can hardly give our readers an idea of the servility with which the new power has been received by the venal portion of the French press, and by what is more venal still—the baser members of the Romish clergy. Black flocks of Jesuits and priests of every shade already swarm over the land, and raise their insolent song of triumph; for, as if the military triumphs of France were to be expiated by her moral degradation, she is first laid prostrate by her generals from Algiers, and then cast into spiritual bondage by the emissaries of Rome. Ere long, the Pope will exercise as absolute an authority in France, as the French Commandant in the Holy City, for by the terms of this mutual insurance of despotism the Papal Government is defended at home by a French army, and the French Government receives the blessing of Heaven from the hands of an equally numerous army of Popish priests. The Romish clergy, which hastened to turn Republican in March, 1848, now discovers the finger of Providence in events which threaten to plunge France once more into a state of arbitrary power and mediæval darkness."

A note from Louis Napoleon demands of the Sardian Government that she must muzzle her press, close the gates of her frontier towns to political refugees, and consent without delay to such concessions to the Pope as may be deemed fitting by M. Montalembert and the editor of the *Univers*. And the Sardinian Government, happy example of Italian moderate liberalism! has actually began to comply by introducing a bill withdrawing from the jurisdiction of juries offences of the press consisting of attacks on foreign governments!

The Gloucester Hotel at Greenwich was, yesterday, nearly destroyed by fire.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1851.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—Dr. Arnold.

LORD PALMERSTON SUPERSEDED.

The seals of the Foreign-office have passed from the hands of Lord Palmerston, and have been placed in keeping deemed safer by the other Ministers. The ablest man of the Cabinet is at large, and the Administration is to be "strengthened" by some recruiting.

The precise mode and the immediate reason for the change are not known. A general dissatisfaction and want of confidence felt by the Cabinet are hinted; but the statement that the chief objectors, the Grey section, were ignorant of the change when summoned to the Council at which it was announced, and that Lord John Russell has not made, but "sanctioned," the change, lead to an inference that the act is that of the Sovereign herself. When we look to the press for enlightenment, we find it not; and thus the most important change that could be made in the Government at such a time is effected with as little information to the public as was vouchsafed to the Parisians, when Louis Napoleon lately changed his Ministry and some other things. The secrecy in which official men are still permitted to shroud the conduct of public affairs, the insincerity which is the rule of official utterance, the readiness of our apathetic devil-may-care politicians to accept professions so that they be smooth enough, the insincerity of party intriguers without the pale of office—all contribute to make a juggling mystery of what ought to be a very plain matter. *The* People, whose affairs are conducted for it by the cliques of gentlemen that alternate in and out of office, is left to guess at the way in which its own business is going on. It is well known, in spite of the disclaimer in the *Times*, that the Grey section of the Cabinet has objected to Lord Palmerston's equivocal and hazardous career in foreign policy; it is well known that influences exercising great power over the pure Whig portions of the Cabinet—the Grey and Bedford sections—had formally protested against him on grounds not very unlike those which we have placed before our readers. He had coquetted with ultra-Liberals—with Islington deputations, for instance, and Sicilian rebels; he had "protested" against Austria; he had professed to steer between the two, supporting Constitutionalism; but uniformly his acts ended in a show of defeat to himself, and of victory to the Despots. This equivocal, hazardous steering was of a kind to alarm timid statesmen. Constitutionalism was all very well; but to anger Russia on the one hand, and to trip up Liberalism on the other, drew upon him and his a double storm of hostilities. His colleagues could not feel *sure* that he was really trimming "the vessel of the state": might he not run it against a rock? did he not perhaps *intend* to sail within the range of an enemy's guns—to sail straight into the Russian fleet? What was he—trimmer or traitor? Revolutionary or Russian? Islington Republican or St. Petersburg Absolutist? Who could say? It was, at all events, very hazardous, rather scandalous, and altogether disagreeable to weak Whig nerves. At last it became unbearable—and Lord Palmerston "resigned."

And who is appointed in his place? Earl Granville—a man of the Liberal-Conservative order; young, intelligent, displaying much tact and capacity in the conduct of routine business; undamaged in repute any way—for he has neither broken endless promises, nor committed endless indiscretions; skilled to speak French like a native, and well esteemed in Paris; certificated to have conducted the business of the Exposition excellently, and much esteemed amongst intelligent politicians around the best dinner tables. More of him is not recorded: he has shown himself a capable official, a creditable commissioner; as to his statesmanship—it is unknown. Such is the "young nobleman" to whom the conduct of foreign affairs is intrusted. And what is to be inferred from the substitution? We construe it to mean this:—that whereas, as we have before stated, and the *Times* now confesses, the Foreign Minister conducted affairs beyond the control of his colleagues, now affairs will be conducted by an able, straightforward junior, in concurrence with the leading members of the Cabinet, and on *genuine* Whig principles; that, therefore, whereas "England" has seemed to trim between "opposite extremes" of Absolutism and Republicanism, henceforward the said official "England" will *really* trim.

Lord Palmerston's own position, individually, at present is a mystery. We have no means of knowing the extent of his ties to the Diplomatic body of Europe. Officially his conduct has been such as to serve the aims and interests of that body, and he is close friends with certain of its most distinguished members, and especially some most naturally devoted to Russia. Personally, he is an intelligent, bold, able man,—the most distinguished in all those respects of the Cabinet which has just cast him off. He is quite capable of *understanding* the nature of the opening now made in Anglo-European politics; how far he is *free* to use it, we have no means of knowing. It is hinted that he will appear in the House of Commons next session at the head of "the Hundred Liberals," of whom the Premier has just enraged so important a section by repelling the Manchester deputation. If the new alliance is to be made for the one part on the basis of Lord Palmerston's old professions, and for the other part on the basis of some exclusive class notions of policy, the "popular" movement will be a humbug—will be too weak to combat family compacts and organized party influences, and will end in smoke. If there were to be a genuine appeal to the nation by a set of able men with so able a man at their head, the most experienced official could not calculate the consequences. O'Connell elected for Clare, Napoleon after his Italian and German victories, Washington after the capitulation of Cornwallis,—not one was so welcome as a Leader would be to the English People just now, enabling it to unite and act. We have no data to show that Lord Palmerston is free to take such a position, indicated for him by a contemporary. In any calculation of the future, therefore, he must for the present just be cast out of the account—except as a critic. And a tremendous critic he will be to his "noble friends"; sitting behind them in horrible judgment on their every act, errors *not* excepted.

Meanwhile, however, let the English People bear in mind, that if the influence and power of this country are frittered away or diverted to un-English purposes, it is the fault of the English People, which suffers its Government to act in equivocation and secrecy. We are amazed to hear genuine Liberals expressing a sense that Lord Palmerston's dismissal is "a great blow to Liberalism"! It is no such thing. If Lord Palmerston is the friend to Progress which he has professed to be, if he has only been restrained hitherto by the slowness of others, if he has been checked by scruples against throwing off his colleagues, he can have no such scruples and obstructions now; but, released, he may add deeds to professions, and become really useful. If he has been insincere, his removal is a positive gain to Liberalism. In either case, therefore, Liberalism gains.

We note also hints of various combinations, prevented or contemplated: one talks of combining with Russia and Austria against France, or with France against Austria and Russia; while the *Times* hints that the status quo of 1815 must be *absolutely* maintained by all, or that those who are the first to break it must take the consequences. All these schemes and warnings are idle nonsense, the devices of imbecility where they are not tricks to divert the public. The status quo of 1815 *has* been broken by every state of Europe. Combinations with *any* of the great Powers, just now, would be treachery to Freedom and to England: one Despot, whether French, or Austrian, or Russian, is as bad as the rest; and combination with either would be complicity in treason, There is but one combination that England can trust—combination with the *Peoples* of Europe: with that combination England might defy the Despots of the World; especially as she would have America with her. Any other combination would be a failure, a treason. We are not, indeed, prepared to assert that any man now in Downing-street is willing to depart from the routine of Court alliances: we fully expect her Majesty to declare that she is "at peace"—if not in "friendly relations"—with all the Powers of the Continent—those crowned

traitors and assassins, steeped in falsehood, blood, and perjury. And we repeat that incompetency, shrouding its bungling in secrecy, continues to possess "power," to endanger this country, its honour and welfare, because the English people continues its sufferance to a worn-out party and a worn-out system.

NAPOLEONIC IDEAS.

The late act of M. Bonaparte, which, for want of a more characteristic phrase, men dignify by the title of coup d'état, was the act of a moment, in the eyes of the world; but, in reality, it was a thing foreseen and stealthily advanced, and was the logical outcome of the man Bonaparte with the engines of power in his hands. Withheld by no scruple, devoured by an imitative ambition, rash in youth, and perfidious in his manhood, M. Bonaparte has only performed in Paris what he promised at Strasbourg and Boulogne.

Did not M. de Montalembert, November twelvemonths, propose a bill for the "better observance of the Sabbath" and saints' days, and has not Louis Napoleon issued an edict granting that *now?* Was not the same Montalembert the most strenuous supporter of the Dotation Bill, on the ground that the nephew of *the* Emperor must have means sufficient to support his dignity? Were not the three royal personages, who sent letters of congratulation to Cardinal Wiseman, Maximilian of Bavaria, Francis Joseph of Austria, and Louis Napoleon of France? And does not the Pope concur in the coup d'état, and approve of the letter of M. de Montalembert? Long before the 2nd of December, besides the minute and assiduous care of the President in the matter of flannel waistcoats for the privates, of champagne for the officers, and of compliments tickling to the vanity of all, M. Bonaparte was drilling his army in public reviews and private exercises of the most arduous feats of discipline. Portents enough these of a coming coup d'état!

But, looking farther back, when the imitator of Cannes found an Elba not a St. Helena at Ham, we are struck by the only point in which as yet the nephew has not aped the uncle. M. Bonaparte has written pamphlets, while Napoleon reformed laws; he has distributed sweetmeats to the army, while his ancestor won battles.

These pamphlets contain the Napoleonic ideas, with one exception. In his prison of Ham M. Bonaparte wrote a small tract on *The Extinction of Pauperism* the main idea of which was, certainly, not Neapoleonic, but Socialistic: he proposed to extinguish pauperism by establishing what we should call home colonies. Subsequently he wrote another tract—*Idées Napoleoniennes*, the main idea of which was this. If all the great parties of the state are destroyed, you must fall back upon the only organized body that remains,—the Army; and use that to "save society," by restoring guidance and direction; afterwards giving as much liberty as is consistent with Napoleonic institutions. Now, this scheme was reproduced just before the coup d'état, in the shape of a pamphlet hung upon the peg of "Revision," the subject just then up in public discussion, and furnishing the title of the pamphlet.

This pamphlet was reproduced entire in the Government organ, *La Patrie*. It has been universally ascribed to the President himself; It is similar in style to his former works. We have been assured as a fact that it is by him; by others, that it was only "under his inspiration." We have no doubt that it is, in fact, by him.

The object of the pamphlet is to convince France of the folly of having attempted to introduce English Constitutionalism and Parliamentary Institutions into a country (like France) in which the "essential character and genius of its nationality, and the constant and uniform tendency of its history, have been the gradual elevation of the central power, and the successive absorption of partial or local powers;" the Great Revolution itself having "continued, accelerated, and completed the movement which elevated, extended, and justified from age to age the authority of the central and directing power." Again:—

"But in a country like France, where all the Great *Corps* have been broken or annihilated, where there is no longer either 'corps de noblesse,' or 'corps de bourgeoisie,' or 'corps de clergé,' in possession of a political existence; where you cannot form an Assembly without bringing together in its arena four or five hostile opinions, struggling to exterminate one another; where all is rivalry, ambition, coterie; where the principle of authority is based less upon respect than upon necessity; the Parliamentary régime, with a central and moving power subjected and compressed, is, as a principle of government, a fiction, and, as a social guarantee, a permanent cause of disorders."

The pamphlet then describes the experiences of thirty years of Parliamentary Government in France—the perpetual intrigues, oscillations, compromises, struggles, &c. After which it says:—"France desires that her chiefs shall have a real, serious, and efficacious power."

It concludes, therefore, in favour of *Napoleonic* Institutions, "which at the beginning of the century gave repose to the country from revolutionary agitations." Then it describes "the system of the Emperor":—

"The Government proposes a law. A Council of State, composed of the most eminent legislative capacities, discusses and elaborates the project, regulates its dispositions, and presents it to the Legislative body. The Legislative accepts or rejects it, or sends it back to the Government after a contradictory discussion with the Commissaries of the Council of State. The *Senate*, which is charged to watch over the maintenance of the institutions and the harmony of the powers of the State, and which, among its other attributives, has the right to consult the Sovereign People, whether to modify the Constitution or to provide for unforeseen difficulties,—the Senate examines, in its turn, the project of law from a constitutional point of view, and proposes to the Government its promulgation or non-promulgation. Lastly, the chief of the Government promulgates and causes the execution of the law by Ministers, who derive from him alone, who do not appear in the Assemblies, who have no discussions with the Legislative corps, and who can, therefore, administer the country independent of all Parliamentary preoccupations."

"Now (continues the pamphlet), need we dwell upon the advantages of a system of government so simple, so rational? Are they not self apparent? And first, as to real, serious liberties, are they not guaranteed by the vote of taxes? A popular assembly, which, to use a vulgar expression, holds the purse-strings, is it not in effect maker of the Government, so far as to maintain and direct it in the ways most advantageous to the State?"

The pamphlet concludes for the adoption of "Napoleonic Constitutions," as best fitted for the safety, glory, and strength of France; and these are the last words:—

"Any power that shall establish itself in France upon constitutional fictions and with the 'omnipotence of Parliaments,' is inevitably a lost power, do what it may, whether it resign itself like Louis XVI., or resist ('se cabre') like Charles X., or 'ruser,' like Louis Philippe; and France may prepare herself for a fourth revolution which will probably be the last—for society will be buried in its ruins."

These are the Napoleonic ideas to be diffused, accepted, and worked out through the medium of coups d'état; faith in the Sword, sanctified by enormous treachery, enormous lying, and consummated with frightful bloodshed. Truly it is easier even to "sit upon bayonets" than to perform deeds like these with them.

But granted that the coup d'état is justifiable, on the ground that these magnificent aims were entertained by the perpetrator of that colossal crime—What security have we, either that he is honest, or, granting his honesty, that he has the power to carry his plans and accomplish his purposes? Doubting his honesty, we doubt still more his power. He is the cousin of Francis Joseph, a near relation to Nicholas, and connected by family marriages with the Duke of Wurtemberg, the King of Bavaria, the Duke of Baden, and the King of Sweden. He is "one of the family" whose estate is the Continent of Europe, whose serfs are the Peoples of Europe, whose "rights" "England" guaranteed at Vienna in 1815. The genuine old Napoleon, the scourge of the Red monarchies of his day, was a "new" man, a vulgar, ambitious person, unhappily gifted with great genius, not by any means a legitimate monarch; the spurious new Napoleon is, as we have seen, closely connected with regal blood—in short, "one of the family." Not such reason, therefore, to put him down: still less reason to permit him (always assuming that he is honest) to regenerate France by means of Socialistic ideas. We have no hope that he will or can. His dilemma is too terrible. If he be honest, he has not the power to act out his honesty: if he be dishonest, the faintest palliation of his crime vanishes.

THE TWO JOHNS AND THE NATION.

"Don't trust him," cried John Bright to Locke King, when John Russell offered to promise something if Mr. King would relinquish his Ten-pound County Franchise Bill. Wroth was the countenance of Russell at the words: he looked as if he would not forget them.

He has had his revenge: he has refused to receive the Manchester deputation. He will not trust John Bright, nor his colleagues, nor his deputation, nor his Wilson, nor anything which is his.

Now why, O John, of Manchester, did you forget your own strong-voiced sturdy injunction to Locke King, and move a foot, with Baines of Leeds, towards trusting your namesake? But you have had your lesson, you are strong of constitution, and you will not sink under the dose.

The Conference is angry—it passes "strong" resolutions, and is in a state to take extreme measures. Why then not take the one step—still open to patriotic men? Assuredly, a time is fast approaching when strong measures will be needed, of one kind at least; and strength of one kind should be fortified by a general strength. Surely England, with its baker's half-dozen of Reform Bills, is getting sick of "measures," "movements," and "associations"? Surely Manchester has had enough of trying its hand at seperate hunting, and has found that, even if it can win, it may purchase victory too dear? Surely the public has been perplexed enough with all sorts of "Manhood Suffrage," "Household Suffrage," Lodger Suffrage, Complete Suffrage,—every variety of form for the sake of variety, or for the sake of concealing some miserable little exception kept in the measure for the sake of exception, that it might not be thoroughgoing.

One thing is clear—that Lord John does *not* mean to take Manchester into his confidence; of course, because he is conscious that what he is going to offer will not obtain the confidence of Manchester. He must still less be intending to take the nation into his confidence—to trust the nation, or earn its trust. That appeal, therefore, is still open for "Reformers" who mean what they say, whether they be of Manchester or London, Glasgow or Birmingham: why, then, not make that great appeal—to *the Nation?*

Reformers might do it, by dropping all party old titles and bickerings and raising a new standard, with a clear field and one simple "charge" upon it—*National Suffrage.*

MORE TROOPS—THE NATIONAL DEFENCE.

Five thousand troops are to be added to the force of the country. So says report; though we "will not vouch for the fact" The "grave events" which have happened in France, and which have made Queen Isabella II. of Spain dissolve her Cortes, which might well induce our own responsible rulers to look after defences of our land. The dread of war is making itself apparent in more than one sign—amongst others in the warning of the *Times* to the usurping Government of France and its allies, that the maintenance of the status quo must be absolute, or the infringers must take the consequences. We quote the passages in another column.

It is true that war is becoming every week more probable, and that its prevention is becoming every week more beyond the controul of the established authorities in *any* country. It is therefore quite proper that the responsible managers of this country should be prepared for it. But, *how* prepared? The question is important. A Continental war would result in advantage to the people of this country, or in disaster, precisely in proportion as our aid should be given to uphold principles of Freedom, or to strike them down—precisely as it should secure a genuine alliance for us with industrial Peoples, or purely an alliance of Downing-street with bureaux opposing the industrial Peoples. If this country were to take the side of Freedom, a war would not be costly, and it would be profitable; if this country were to take the side of Despotism, the war would be costly, and it would be a dead loss.

The aids and subsidies granted to Despotism, to reëstablish another 1815, could only renew for us the present state of things, in which England is kept apart from her natural customers in Hungary, Germany, Italy—aye, the whole Continent; and it would leave us with another National Debt on the top of the present. It would be all dead weight, and nothing but dead weight.

Let us glance at the most obvious and speedy circumstances that would befriend English interests, if England were to take the side of Freedom. In the first place, we might have the star-spangled banner beside our own standard of the triple cross. Hoisted on the field of Europe, in the name of

Freedom, those flags would rally round them the nations of Hungary, Italy, and Germany—would reawaken Poland from the dead—would collect to the host the Liberals of Spain, old followers of Espartero, sons of the followers of Mina and Riego—would recall France to herself—would, in short, raise the People of Europe to a Crusade, in which the Crescent of Islam would join. A single regiment of Englishmen—volunteers, even, if they had a national sanction—a single regiment of Americans, headed by the banner which has yet to begin its victories on the field of Europe, would suffice to head that immense host, to give it confidence, "solidarity," unity of action. Victory would bring solid peace and genuine alliance—tranquillity to Europe, and open commerce. With how little cost to us, with what incalculable gain to us—to all! A noble opening now for England and true statesmanship, if it resides amongst us.

But such a policy would have no need of five thousand *more* troops. It might be carried out without the addition of a single man to our Standing Army—already huge, already a burden to the taxpayer, already an official instrument subversive of all real national liberty. This addition of five thousand men is not a happy beginning.

To look to our defences is proper enough, but we need no more paid soldiers for that. If our responsible rulers mean to act honestly, they will trust to the nation itself—to the People. We do not mean the working classes only. We do not desire any cheap and nasty "militia," composed of wretched paid "substitutes"—the riffraff that can be bought at any day for target practice. We mean a genuine appeal to the body of the nation to come out and do its duty. How many a man is there in the prime of life, or in active youth, endowed with means, accustomed to the saddle and to firearms, and how fine a mounted rifle corps could be formed of such men throughout the country! How many a sturdy yeoman or labourer, an undegenerate shopman or artisan, who might be a fit and willing material for sound, spirited, well-matched volunteer corps of infantry! Frederick Hill has shown how a National Defence Corps might be organized for permanent service at a very moderate cost; and his suggestion is worth atttention even for a more prompt organisation. The appeal would do good in every way; it would breathe a healthy spirit into the People; it would attest a new confidence on the part of the upper in the middle and "lower" classes; it would restore something like nationality. With such a plan we should need no more "troops"; we have enough of them to lead and support a national defence. Standing Armies are but the hobby of a Metternich; John Bull has had too much of them. Call upon the nation, then, to defend itself, and by the blessing of God we shall have no fear of any results, but the most wholesome and happy.

WESTWARD, HO!—THE LAND OF FREEDOM.

"While Ireland is depopulating herself at the rate of a quarter of a million a year, to swell the masses of the [American] Union, emigration to Australia, a country so superior in national advantages, is carried on at the rate of some 20,000 or 30,000 a year," although the bait of the Australian goldfields might be expected to draw larger numbers. In making this comparison, the *Times* ascribes the difference to the price of land in Australia, which is five times the American price—£1 an acre instead of 1 dollar American currency; and it ascribes that price to an insidious aim at supporting South Australia. The comparison, however, is full of errors, which it will not be at all profitless to review.

In the first place, although the price of land is a pound an acre in name, in fact that price has never been enforced, excepting in the very districts where it has *not* checked the purchase of land. In New South Wales proper the question has been less of the purchase of land than of procuring pasture licences; and in the Southern part of the colony, Port Phillip district, now called Victoria, where purchase was more the object, land *has* been purchased in spite of the price. In Van Diemen's Land the available land has long since passed into private hands, and we believe that it has never been difficult to obtain any quantity wanted at a cost under the official price. In Western Australia the immense masses alienated when the first settlement was formed, have also kept the market well supplied at a cheap rate. In South Australia alone the rule has been enforced from first to last, practically as well as nominally; although even there, in individual cases, land has been obtained at a discount on resale. But there, where the rule has been so generally observed, the colonists are well content with its working; which has contributed to keep the settlers together, and to maintain the steady progress that even the follies of its early officials could only retard.

Secondly, let us observe that the golden bait is not likely to expedite genuine *settlement*; but, unless the reponsible government act with vigour and discretion, it may expedite a very general unsettlement.

The real secret of the preference for the United States lies in three elements: in the comparative nearness, which those states share with our own American provinces; in the number of relatives who have already preceded the emigrants, especially of Irish, who invite their followers over; and most chiefly in the political and social state of the people.

"And then," says a writer, whose letter we published in our last number, "there are our political immunities. We have no such atrocious partnership laws as you can boast in England; no Joint-Stock Companies' Act! no Combination Laws! no jealous Governmental interference. And if we had any legal hindrances, we should abolish them in a trice. While, on the other hand, the laws are themselves continually recognizing and enforcing more and more of the social rights claimed for the people. It would fill the remainder of this sheet to detail the admirable, the glorious concessions to social advance that have of late years been inscribed on the Statute Book of New York State!"

This is the immense temptation to a large number of English emigrants; and a large number of Englishmen who do not emigrate, are beginning to wonder why Old England should have grown so sadly unlike her child in these respects. The English People begins to long for a more practical and tangible *freedom* than the working man can attain in this country, or in any country governed by English officials.

Now, as to Australia, although Democratic sentiments have made considerable progress to the East, they have *not* done so in the colony where land is high priced. The reason is, not that the land is high priced—that is an accident that does not tell upon the emigrant, who thinks rather of "employment" than land-purchase when he first sets out; but that the plan of colonizing has transferred a body of society to the adopted land, closely resembling society as it is constituted at home. A proof of this is furnished by a remarkable public occurrence in Adelaide, the capital of South Australia. The first Legislative Assembly has just been constituted—a sort of House of Lords and Commons sitting together. Mr. John Morphett, one of the earliest settlers, had been distinguished as the leading *independent* member of the old Council; and on the establishment of an elective branch to the Legislature, he was offered a seat by more than one constituency. He was, however, *nominated* by the Governor—made a member of the non-elective branch, tantamount to being made, as it were, a Peer. When the Assembly met, it had to choose its Speaker, and it might have been expected to choose one from the elective branch. Not at all. Not disconcerted by Mr. Morphett's acceptance of a Government seat, the Assembly elected him for its first Speaker. This establishes the fact that the body of society in the colony still leans strongly to the side of the Mother country and "constituted authority." And there can be no doubt that, if Lord Grey had bestowed half as much pains in conciliating the affections of the colonists as he has in alienating them—if, for example, he had *invited* those consultations with delegates from the several colonies which he has received with haughty and repulsive coldness—if he had made honorary offices in the colonies a stepping-stone to colonial offices of dignity in the metropolis of the Empire—if he had set the first example of giving an imperial recognition to those official and honorary titles which become an embarrassment and a sore point to the colonist, who finds them unrecognized "at home"—there can be no doubt, in such case, that the feeling of attachment to the Mother country might have been redoubled in South Australia, and extended to all the colonies. And emigration to those colonies might indeed have proceeded with every needful expedition, if the Colonial-office had expedited it instead of obstructing it, as it has notoriously done. Meanwhile, the fact remains that the most prosperous of the Australian colonies are distinguished by a minor infusion of the Democratic spirit which old rancours have awakened in Eastern Australia. It is also the fact, that despondency and discontent have bred a feeling in our working population which makes them, on emigrating, sigh, not only for the hopeful field of colonial industry, but for the political and social freedom of the American Republic.

THE FATE OF THE "BASE EXCEPTIONS."

Shocking doom! The "base exceptions" in the press have been shamefully "sold." They have, in obedience to inspiration from "high quarters," backed Lord Palmerston and Louis Napoleon. "The base exceptions" supposed they were supporting the Foreign Minister, when lo! it suddenly turns out that he is no longer Foreign Minister! All the efforts of the "base exceptions," therefore, have gone to the account of a private gentleman. They thought they were Ministerial, and they weren't; they thought they were servile, and they find themselves without a master, wasting their sweetness on the desert chair in which he had sat.

The devotedness, however, of these attached servants will carry them even to the death. Of this the Correspondent of the *Morning Post* affords a beautiful example. He is quite delighted with what has happened. It has rendered Paris charming—it is "rather a civil paradise than a military hell." Observe, not simply a "paradise," but a "civil" paradise; which suggest a great improvement on rude old Eden. The soldiers he regards as simply ushers, without anything so cruel as a flaming sword. "Every bullet has its billet;" but these bullets were wrapped up in billets doux. The killed, he is sure—we don't know where he learns it, but perhaps from the instincts of his heart—are not 3000, but less than 300. "At the price of so much blood the safety of the capital was secured." "Those who were shot were soldiers, insurgents, and *stupid* people—very few honest"—so that if a man was not an honest man, a soldier, or an insurgent, you might set him down among the "stupid"—the dry rubbish.

Now, Correspondent was obliged to be among the stupid people—not, of course, by nature, but by office; at one time "he had to proceed to, and get away from" the midst of eight barricades. The cannon and musketry roared, and, of course, Correspondent intensely perceived the stupidity of people who could go out of doors in such weather. "My heart ached to think"—not of myself of course—"but of the wretches that were being sent to their last account"; for wretches of course they all must have been. "As for myself,"—and here comes the touching part—"had I been, by any accident, entangled in the insurgents, or had a shot been fired from some window above my head—and had I consequently been shot down by the troops, or bayoneted—I certainly should neither have cursed Louis Napoleon, nor expected my family to hold a 'bloodthirsty soldiery' guilty of my blood."

On the contrary, he would naturally feel glad to be so useful!

"GRAND AND PECULIAR EVENT."

Such is the heading of an elaborate bill before us, announcing that the entire stock, valued at £45,000, of certain court silkmercers in a fashionable street in London, is to be sold by a mercer in a more suburban quarter, at a discount of 41½ under cost prices; the whole to be "unequivocally" sold off within one month. "The great advantages accruing to the public from this highly select and choice property," we are told, "are utterly beyond the powers of description." The associations of the Crystal Palace are invoked: "To facilitate the progress of this great sale, and afford easy access to the various departments, the goods will be classified and arranged upon the simple and admirable plan adopted at the Great Exhibition of 1851." The patriotic mercer is delighted at being "enabled once more to evince the *sympathy* and gratitude for past favours," by "displaying such a Glittering Array of Bargains that will *thunder their excelling notoriety* from one end of the metropolis to the other"; and by submitting to the inhabitants of his "locality," "a stock for richness, elegance, and genuineness, without parallel, and at Low Prices *thrilling to contemplate*."

All this is amusing enough as a matter of style—the art of puffing nature could no further go; but if you look at all beneath the surface, it is a melancholy exhibition. We will presume that the "genuineness" *is* unparalleled, and that the sale is just what it purports to be, a wonder of cheapness: in that case the customer is not trapped, by a

fraud, into purchasing at a "tremendous sacrifice," for one guinea, what is precisely worth something under one guinea, though it is nominally set down at two and "reduced" to one by a sheer effort of inventive imagination; but the "cheapness" is not the less delusive and ruinous. Here is a mass of goods worth £45,000 to be sold for £28,500; a loss of £18,500. Now, somebody must sustain that loss. Not the customer, of course, who is to benefit by the transaction. Nor the salesman, who will, of course, make his profit on it. Nor the fashionable mercer, who finds it worth while to get rid of lumber for goods more novel. Nor the "warehouseman," who has another sale hastened to his hand. We are here brought back to the manufacturer, and in his case the avoidance of loss is not quite so clear. We suspect, however, that it will not fall upon the manufacturer who supplies the fashionable mercer. Upon whom then? Probably upon the less fashionable manufacturer who *would* have supplied the less fashionable mercer; only said less fashionable manufacturer will try to save his loss out of his wages.

Amongst the details we find the following:—"Lyons, Cashmere, and finest Paisley wove long Shawls, four yards, very handsome, cost from two guineas, will be sold for £1. 1s." Here we see that *Paisley*, at all events, will have to pay. There has evidently been a demand for Paisley shawls at two guineas, and Paisley has been set to work. *Now* those shawls, the surplus of a former season, are thrown upon the London market, to compete, not only with the two-guinea shawls of this year, but with the one-guinea shawl. Thus is industry turned against itself! Paisley is used to being skinned; but the same process is applied all round, only that in other cases it is not quite so obvious.

There are two kinds of "cheapness," be it never forgotten—the legitimate, arising from abatement in the real cost of production; the spurious, arising from defalcations from the return of the labourer. The latter is a wicked cheapness, and society has to pay for the "advantage" in misery and all its consequences.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

In speaking of the present state of affairs in France, the *Commercial Journal and Family Herald* says that—"*Until some earnest Frenchman shoots the present representative of the Corsican family, there is no chance for a peaceful or prosperous popular government in France.*"

So says the *Commercial Journal and Family Herald*—of Dublin. This chivalrous view of money matters, however, is by no means limited to the Irish capital. Much elevation of feeling has lately been imparted to the operations of 'Change. We have, for example, seen the most constituted authority in the world meet a decline of stocks with a charge of bayonets. From our Dublin contemporary it would seem that the evolutions of the Money Market will have to be carried on at the point of the sword. Men will have to seek Pennsylvania bonds, railway shares, and other bubbles, at the cannon's mouth. City men will have to arm themselves to the teeth to go upon 'Change, expecting some Brutus to give unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and the quotations will be writ in blood.

THE PROPER CURRENCY FOR AUSTRIA.

The promising scheme, devised by the Camarilla, for maintaining Imperial credit on the Stock Exchange, by the presence of policemen, has utterly failed through want of loyalty on the part of the stockjobbers. Some more effectual means are, therefore, about to be adopted by Baron Krauss to put down those inveterate "*Schwindlers*" who have actually been making a profit out of the bad character of the Austrian Government. Nothing has yet transpired regarding the monetary system, except that it is to be exceedingly severe on all parties who seek to damage the financial reputation of the House of Hapsburg. Perhaps the Austrian Chancellor of the Exchequer intends to try the Chinese method of dealing with parties who demur at accepting Government promises to pay at the same rate as specie. M. de Guignes, in his work on China, gives an account of a Chinese bank note, issued by an Emperor of the Celestial Empire, the inscription on which was as follows:—"At the petition of the Treasury Board, it is ordained that the paper money thus marked with the seal of the Imperial dynasty of the Mings, shall have currency and be used in all respects as if it were copper money. Whoever disobeys shall be beheaded." This is the style in which the Austrian Government must deal with the refractory stockjobbers. Banishment from Vienna is far too mild a punishment, indeed hardly any punishment at all. Those who refuse to take the paper promises to pay off the Imperial dynasty of the Hapsburgs, in all respects as if they were silver florins, "must be beheaded."

NOTES ON WAR.

BY A SOLDIER.

No. I.—Barricades.

Invective is useless. Louis Napoleon has done what it was his nature to do, and it is now the business of all French Republicans—indeed of all Frenchmen who are not prepared to vote that black is white whenever they think there is a prospect of "order" for a few years—to destroy this man's power, and reëstablish a free Republic. It has been said "all is over for the present, we must wait for an opportunity like that of February 1848." Such advisers forget how much has been learned by the executive and military of France since the February revolution; the generals and soldiers have demonstrated, by the result of the days of June, and on a smaller scale in this late affair, that, if Louis Philippe had allowed Marshal Bugeaud to have his own way, the insurrection would have been crushed. But Louis Philippe was an old man—he was placed on the throne by barricades—he was afraid of them. No good soldier in France, or elsewhere, fears them now.

Louis Napoleon, if left quiet for a few months, will plunge France into a war, as an employment and recompense for the soldiery, and in the hope of gaining glory and popularity for his government. A war having once begun, all possibility of resistance to his power, or to the power of some military chieftain who may supplant him, or succeed to his vacant place, must be indefinitely postponed. The army would be augmented, and the sabre would rule. War stimulates employment, and might bring prosperity to all classes for a time; Leipsic, Waterloo, and two occupations of Paris are not forgotten or forgiven, the war-mania can easily be rekindled in France; and many of the most influential and determined opponents of retrogressive and coersive home-policy, and many sincere advocates of peace, would yet give the fullest support to any Government, when the (so-called) honour of France was involved in the vigorous prosecution of a war.

There is, therefore, no time to be lost. The army in Paris must be conquered and effectually subdued, if liberty is to be restored to France by the present generation, and this cannot be done on the traditional principles of insurrectionary warfare, by the old system of barricades and firing from houses, as long as the army remains obedient to the actual Government*. It would be utterly despicable for the Republicans to calculate on some future defection of the soldiers in Paris as a possible element in their success; such an event, however advantageous apparently, would leave the Republic without prestige, without glory, safety, or confidence, and would merely confirm the belief among the soldiers, among their generals, and among the People, that the army can at any time constitute itself the arbiter of France. Prospect of any defection of the army in Paris at present there would seem to be none, even were it desirable. The soldiers must be well aware of the widely spread exasperation against them, on account of the recklessness and cruelty of their conduct, and the ferocious manner in which unresisting prisoners and innocent non-combatants were butchered in cold blood. They know that they cannot be forgiven for having so well executed the savage orders of their master. They have everything to fear from the reëstablishment of freedom; they have everything to hope from Louis Napoleon. No French Republican ought to expect or to wish for any assistance or sympathy from any part of the army until the soldiers in Paris have first been signally and effectually conquered. In the hour of triumph it is to be hoped that more enlightened rulers will know how to palliate and excuse the misdeeds of these ignorant men, disgracefully corrupted and deceived, and when, and whom, and to what extent to forgive and to punish when the power of retribution is within their grasp.

But how is the work to be done? A modern army, fighting in earnest, cannot be beaten by an insurgent force with the same weapons and acting on the same principles of tactics, unless attacked by overwhelming numbers and under some peculiarly disadvantageous circumstances. Without mentioning their greater stores of material and more powerful artillery, the better-disciplined and more manageable combatants must inevitably carry the day. Were the most favourable opportunity to occur, were the whole fighting population of Paris to turn out under arms, no amount of barricades and barricade warfare could prevent their total destruction by determined troops. Barricades must be taken; and even if not taken, barricades cannot march, they cannot conquer. Men who place themselves behind barricades or entrenchments, confess their weakness and inferiority to their enemies, and their inability or unwillingness to meet them in a fair field. Defensive works are very valuable when properly employed; time may be gained by them, often a matter of the greatest importance; barricades might sometimes usefully be thrown up to impede the movements of troops, and in particular to secure a force from being suddenly charged in the rear by cavalry, but a regular system of warfare founded on defensive works is radically vicious. Combatants who defend barricades or entrenchments, knowing well that they are only gaining time for the collection of strength, and that their exertions are only preparatory to a formidable close attack, are performing a valuable and intelligent service; but the mere barricade defender, such as has figured hitherto in all Paris émeutes, is placed in a thoroughly false position; he falls with his pile of dung carts and paving stones, he is a mere obstruction, and binds himself under heavy penalties not to advance even if he succeed in repelling an attack. For a force repulsed from a barricade is by no means beaten, but would, on the contrary, return to the attack with redoubled ardour and confidence, if the defenders could be enticed from behind their entrenchments. The *morale* of an attacking, will always be superior to that of a defensive, force, and the assailants possess that *forward* impetus which is really the whole secret of success. But the instinctive feeling of the mere barricade defender is, that all is over when his entrenchments are carried; he has undertaken to defend his barricade, but if he cannot succeed in repulsing the enemy even with the protection of his barricade, how can he be expected to resist any longer when he is exposed both to the fire and the bayonets of troops, who have gained spirit and confidence by having surmounted so many dangerous obstacles, and who are exasperated at having been so long under the fire of their concealed enemies? Barricades never will succeed, and *never have* succeeded, in gaining a victory over an army of competent strength, except in the case of the defection or bad conduct of the troops themselves*. Barricade fighting is demoralising in its influences over the minds of the defenders, while it positively inspirits, excites, and exasperates their assailants. It is a confession of weakness and an acknowledgment of superiority. It is a system which attempts to kill without exposure, and to gain victory without an advance and with the smallest amount of danger, and it must fail, and deserves to fail. Barricade fighting may, in fact, be considered the climax of trigger-pulling, the *reductio ad absurdum* of the universal system throughout Europe of arming the masses of an army with muskets. The invention of gunpowder may well have introduced a revolution into warfare; but its formidable effects have imposed upon the world an exaggerated notion of its power, and its smoke; noise and blind destruction have gradually more and more superseded reliance on courage, intelligence, and the glorious inspiration of a good cause.

On future opportunities this subject will be more fully elucidated, and full explanations given of the rules and methods of war, which the present writer considers to be alone legitimate and reasonable, the due appreciation of which would at once silence those unmanly appeals to the dagger and the firebrand which have too often cast a blot on Democracy, and would give hope and determination to the patriot, wearied and bewildered by repeated disappointment and failure.

E. V.

* The writer of these notes does not pretend to any knowledge of the French nation, and wishes frankly to avow that his hopes and sympathies are directed much more towards other parts of Europe; he merely alludes to French affairs as illustrative and introductory to the views of modern warfare, particularly with reference to a People's war which he wishes to make known.

Honour your Forefathers.—Glory! Happiness!—great words—great things! but neither to all men nor to all nations are these possible; and if we honour but them, neglecting obscure energy, truth, and abnegation, we run great risk of drying up the source of glory and happiness. If, therefore, we are truly serious in our devotion to Humanity, we shall feel a deep touching respect even for its "darkest age"—we shall feel somewhat as we do when our fathers take us on their loving knees, and tell us of the days when they were young, wilful, foolish, and erring!—*British Quarterly Review*, No. 28.

Caitiffs and Cravens.—Our use of the word "caitiff," which is identical with "captive," only coming through the Norman French, has, in like manner, its rise out of the sense that he who lets himself be made prisoner in war is a worthless, good-for-nothing person—a feeling so strong in some states of antiquity, that under no circumstances would they consent to ransom those of their citizens who had fallen alive into the hands of the enemy. The "captives" were accounted "caitiffs," whom they could better do without. The same feeling has given us "craven," another word for coward: the "craven" is he who has craved or craven his life at the enemies' hands, instead of resisting to the death.—*From Trench on the Study of Words.*

A Lobster's Stratagem.—Lobsters, like most other crustacea, feed principally on shell-fish, which they extract with their claws, and in the instance in question, the oyster closed its shell as often as the lobster attempted to insert itself; after many failures, the lobster took a small stone, which it placed between the shells as soon as they were separated, and then devoured the fish.—*Thompson's Passions of Animals.*

* In July, 1830, the troops in Paris did not much exceed 12,000 in number, and did not fight with vigour or goodwill.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review.*

The new Year promises fewer adventures in the crowded thoroughfare of *Periodicals* than is customary at this epoch. Among the few we may notice, as likely to be important, the venture of a *New Quarterly Review*, which, departing from the now established rule of quarterlies to give essays, sparsely varied with reviews, proposes to fill the real office of a Literary Review, and exclusively devote its pages to criticisms. It undertakes to present a view of all the publications of the quarter: a task more laborious and expensive than is perhaps fairly appreciated. In fact, it intends to supply what even the weekly journals, with their facilities, cannot perfectly accomplish. But we shall better see by its opening number the chance it has of creating a public for itself.

Talking of new quarterlies reminds us that the *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly* may be almost so considered under its new management, and we look forward to the January number with extreme interest. Report that may be relied on speaks of the very highest names on the Liberal side as contributing to the work; and American writers of distinction have been invited to coöperate for a double purpose: first, that American Literature may be surveyed by the most accurately informed writers; secondly, that American reprinters may be successfully defied—*two* of the important articles being copyright in America!

The programme of the new number is varied and attractive. It will be sufficient to set at rest all misgivings formerly so rife respecting the danger of the Review's becoming simply the organ of that section of thinkers illustrated by the "Catholic Series." As we anticipated, Mr. Chapman has the sagacity to see that his Review must be the reflection not of one, but of all the liberal tendencies of thought in our day.

DANTE'S LIFE AND TIMES.

The Life and Times of Dante Alighieri. By Count Cesare Balbo. Translated from the Italian by F. J. Bunbury. In 2 vols. Bentley.

The greatest of Italian poets, like most other great Poets, has been indifferently treated by biographers, probably because the minds most competent to the task have had misgivings which did not assail the temerity of lesser men. All the great critics have written about Dante; but a really critical and poetic Life has been left to inferior writers. Foscolo might have written a book such as posterity could accept: he had the learning and the taste for such a task. The only name attached to a biography of the great Florentine, that can command the attention of men, is that of Boccaccio, his friend and generous appreciator. Unhappily Boccaccio's *Memoir* is but a memoir, and though sweetly written, fails to meet the many inquiries which spring up around the subject in our day.

Count Cesare Balbo has here presented us with a work, which may fairly be said to supply the place of all *compilations* on this subject, but leaves the great biography still to write. For the patient learning and temperate spirit with which he has performed his task, let all praise be given. But the eloquence, the subtlety, the profundity, and artistic power, demanded by the subject, we must seek elsewhere. No complete image of the great poet issues from these pages. The eighty pages consecrated to him in Leigh Hunt's *Italian Poets*, are in this respect worth the two volumes. But "it were to consider too curiously" to treat this work as an attempt to solve the problems of the Poet's life. Count Balbo has put forth his strength elsewhere; He has endeavoured to paint an historical picture. He has striven to render Dante's age familiar to us; and in this task he has been skilfully aided by the fair translator. We cordially commend the book to those who have read, or are about to read that marvellous poem, the *Divine Comedy*. They will find much that is new and curious in it; and they will find the whole pleasant reading. Like most modern books, it wants an index, though it is precisely to such books that the addition of an index is valuable.

Among the points which Count Balbo has *not* placed in a clear light, is that (biographically) all-important one—his love for Beatrice. We talk of Dante's Beatrice as we do of Petrarch's Laura and of Tasso's Leonora. But we forget—somewhat wilfully it may be—that Dante and Beatrice were children of the respective ages of nine and eight; and that this Romance of his was purely a Romance, not an abiding passion. As a child she quizzed him, as a girl she jilted him. For poetical purposes he made her his Idol, his Muse. A little more attention to the realities of the story would have saved reams of conjectural commentary. But what can you do with commentators,—

"Gens ratione ferox et mentem pasta chimæris,"

who daringly overlook the fact that Beatrice married another, and assure you she died in all the splendour of her virginity?

It must not be concluded from what has just been said that Beatrice is only an allegorical fiction, as commentators sometimes declare. Dante assuredly meant by Beatrice, not Theology—but Beatrice, as Count Balbo says:—

"The 'Commedia' was first conceived in an impulse of passionate love; it was developed in a dream, and confirmed by a vow of love; it was abandoned, and after eight years resumed; for thirty years it occupied Dante's mind and constant heart, and, the vow being fulfilled, the labours and life of the unhappy poet ended together. There is no work of imagination which is so true or so great a proof of love as this divine poem. Thus, amid the corruptions, additions, and contractions from which it has suffered, nothing excites one's indignation so much, nor ought more resolutely to be rejected by all who wish to understand the 'Commedia' and to enter into all its beauties, than the supposition that Beatrice is sometimes to be understood as Theology, sometimes as Philosophy, and sometimes as Italy. That she was intended to represent either of the last two of these three allegorical personages is absolutely false, and that she represented the first is only an approach to the truth; for Beatrice, who ranges throughout the whole of heaven, and of whom Dante speaks throughout his whole poem, cannot be meant by him for Theology, to which he gives a determinate place in the fifth heaven, and of which he treats expressly in the 10th and four succeeding cantos of the 'Paradiso.' If we desire to read Dante's works as he intended that they should be read, we must understand their literal sense before their allegorical; and thus every time that we meet with Beatrice, we must understand the real Beatrice, Portinari's graceful daughter, Dante's lost mistress. But it is also true that, if we seek for it, we shall find an allegorical as well as a literal sense. . . . . But there are other particular allegories in the poem, without which parts of it would be less beautiful, and even unintelligible. And first, though it ought to be always remembered that Beatrice is really the woman whom Dante loved, still there is also an allegory understood in her name. But this is merely the idealisation of a beloved mistress, and this was done not only by Dante, but by Petrarch, and afterwards by many of their followers, and by all those poets who were on that account called Platonists, as well as many who were not poets, but merely lovers. These considered a virtuous and beloved mistress as a means of rising from vice to virtue, from earth to heaven, from a devotion to material and base things to a comprehension of what was spiritual and divine, and even of God himself. This knowledge and adoration of God, and blessedness in Him, is what we find figured under the name of Beatrice. The allegory, thus understood, does not destroy nor conceal the real image of Beatrice, but rather elevates and glorifies her, in the manner which many other poets and lovers have attempted, but have never succeeded in doing as Dante has done; and this does not diminish, but increases, the beauty of the poem.

"As Beatrice is both the Beatrice herself and the personification of the knowledge of and blessedness in God, so the Virgil of this poem is both the real Virgil and the representative of Poetry; the Sun also represents theological knowledge; and thus we might go on. The whole poem, from beginning to end, is full of these allegories, most of them beautiful, but some indifferent, and some we must acknowledge perfectly useless, involved, and obscure."

Of Dante's own wife we hear little, and that little contradictory. He himself, so prodigal of tender phrases to Beatrice, never mentions his wife. Was it to her that he alludes in the passage Count Balbo gives here?—

"Two years and a half had elapsed since the death of his mistress, and it was about the close of 1292, or the beginning of 1293, when he saw a young and beautiful lady at a window looking on him compassionately; and, whenever afterwards he saw her, her face expressed compassion, and, from its paleness, one would almost suppose love. This reminded him many times of his mistress, who was also at all times pale. And many times, when he could not weep, and thus relieve his sadness, he used to go and see this compassionate lady, whose sight seemed to draw the tears from his eyes. And this went so far, that at last his eyes began to delight in looking at her, at which he was often angry with himself, and considered himself base in so doing, and oftentimes he cursed the vanity of his eyes. 'The sight of this lady,' he continues, 'brought me to so strange a condition, that many times the thought of her became too pleasant to me, and thus I would think of her. This lady is a lady courteous and beautiful, and young and wise, and perhaps bestowed on me by Love, in order that peace should be restored to my life. And many times I thought of her still more passionately, so that my heart assented to this, that is, to my reasoning. And when it had thus assented, I reflected on what my reason suggested to me, and then said to myself: 'Ah, what a thought is this, that would console me in so base a manner, and scarcely allows me another thought!' Then another thought occurred to me, and I said: 'Now, since Love has brought thee into such tribulation, why dost thou not wish to withdraw thyself from such bitterness? Thou seest that this is an emotion that brings before thee the desires of love; and it is awakened by so sweet a means, that is to say, by that lady who has shown herself so compassionate towards thee.'

"Dante, as usual, turns the account of his various struggles into verse; four poems on this subject are in 'the Vita Nuova,' and two are in another book (which he wrote some years later), 'the Convito.'"

Among the anecdotes in these volumes, the following may amuse you:—

"Another instance of the insolence Dante was apt to display in speech is recorded by a modern author, who does not give his authority: Dante was standing in the church of Santa Maria Novella, meditating apart, and leaning upon an altar, when he was accosted by one of those bores who have no idea of solitude and silence, and like always to be employed in trifling conversation. Dante made many efforts to get rid of him, but, not succeeding, said to him, 'Before I answer thee, wilt thou solve a question for me? What is the greatest beast in the world?' The man answered, 'By the authority of Pliny it was supposed to be the elephant.' 'Well,' replied Dante, 'O Elephant, do not annoy me;' and so he departed."

This is quoted as "insolence," but may it not have been one of his jokes? All depends upon the tone in which such things are said.

We are limited in space, and must conclude with one more extract, showing how Boccaccio painted:—

A PORTRAIT OF DANTE.

"This poet of ours was then of moderate stature, and since he had arrived at a mature age he walked a little stooping, and his walk was slow and quiet, and he was always well dressed, and in a habit suitable to his mature age. His face was long, his nose aquiline, his eyes rather great than small, his jaws large, and his under lip projected beyond his upper lip. He had a brown complexion, his hair and beard were thick, black, and curly, and his countenance was always melancholy and thoughtful; on which account, one day it happened at Verona (for the fame of his works had been everywhere spread, and particularly that part of the 'Commedia' which was called the Inferno, and he was known to many, both men and women), that he, passing before a door where many women were sitting, one of them said to another softly, but not so softly but that she could be well heard by him, 'Look at the man who goes into hell, and returns when he pleases, and brings news to us here above from those there below.' To which one of them answered simply, 'Verily thou must speak the truth. Dost not thou see how the heat and smoke down below have given him so dark a colour and so curled a beard?' Which words he hearing, Dante looked back on them, and, perceiving that these women spoke seriously, was amused, and almost pleased, that they held such opinions, and smiling a little he continued his walk. In his public and domestic habits he was wonderfully composed and orderly, and in all he did, above all others, courteous and polite. In his diet he was most moderate, taking his repasts at fixed hours, and not exceeding what necessity required: he indulged neither in eating or drinking to any excess. He praised delicate viands, and usually partook of the commonest; he blamed above all those who study much to have choice dainties, and have them prepared with great care. No one was more earnest than he, both in his studies, and in any other object on which he was intent; so much so, that many times both his family and his wife complained of it, before having become accustomed to his ways, when they ceased to care for it. He rarely spoke, unless he was questioned, and then deliberately, and with a voice suited to the matter on which he spoke. Nevertheless, when it was required, he was most eloquent and flowing, and with an excellent and ready delivery."

POPULAR HISTORY OF MOLLUSCA.

A Popular History of the Mollusca; comprising a familiar account of their classification, instincts, habits, and of the growth and distinguishing characteristics of their shells. By Mary Roberts. Reeve and Benham.

Although not by many degrees so good a book as it might have been, this is, nevertheless, a book both useful and instructive. Compiled chiefly from the writings of Lovell Reeve, and illustrated with some fifty or sixty admirable coloured engravings of the mollusca in their shells, it will form a pleasant introduction to the study of Conchology, and interest the lover of Natural History.

But Miss Mary Roberts does not possess the true secret of writing popular science, or else she keeps that secret marvellously well. It is not by the introduction of rhapsodies and some very prosaic poetry that Conchology is to be made popular; but by the familiar exposition of its leading principles and facts, aided by the interest excited in everything relating to the habits and instincts of the creatures. The best parts of her book are *not* the ambitious passages; but such as this, for example:—

"The cowry can even form a new shell when fully grown—a phenomenon which modern naturalists long hesitated to receive; but which is now proved beyond doubt by Lieutenant Hankey, who was himself an eye-witness of the curious fact, and who relates that he has seen the shell of a cowry, when too small for its occupant, begin to crack and swell; at which time some powerful solvent or decomposing fluid had evidently been distributed over its outer surface by that all-important instrument, the mantle; for it gradually became more dull in colour and thin in substance, till at length the shell disappeared, and the cowry was rendered homeless. Short time, however, elapsed before the creature set to work, and secreted a thin layer of glutinous matter, which in a few days assumed the fragile consistency of shell-lac. The dwelling then rapidly progressed, till at length it was consolidated into one of those beautifully spotted shells, which equally ornament the widow's cottage, cherished as remembrances of her sailor boy, and the costly cabinets of the shell collector."

Apropos of this process, it might have served to impress it on the mind, had its analogy with the reparation of bone in the cases of fracture been pointed out in a sentence or two. It is by such facts and such analogical illustrations that works are made *popular;* not by rhetoric and "wondering."

What are we to understand by the concluding sentence of this account of the

FORMATION OF SHELLS.

"But how, it may be asked, are the shells of the mollusca constructed; and what are their component parts? Shells may be regarded as epidermal in their character, being formed upon the surface of a filmy, cloak-like organ, called a mantle, and which answers to the true skin of other animals. A slimy juice, consisting of a membranaceous tissue, consolidated by an admixture of carbonate of lime, exudes from the glands of this important organ, and, thickening in successive layers, becomes hardened and moulded on the body; at first simple and unadorned, but subsequently embellished according to the taste or inclination of the occupant."

Is it meant seriously that the mollusk builds its house according to its own architectural caprice or "taste"? It would seem so from that sentence, and from this which occurs subsequently:—

"Not less wonderful is the gradual increase and development of shelly structures, with gradations of form and hue, and architectural embellishments which occur at different periods. It even seems as if the animal inhabitant, in progressing from youth to full maturity, acquired new ideas, with skill to embody them."

The notion, it must be confessed, is extravagant, and should at least be stated as a "fancy," if not seriously intended.

We touch here upon the defects of the book. We do not forget its merits in so doing; they are, as we have already intimated, such as to make the book both attractive and useful, and we commend it as such. One extract more is all we can find room for:—

GEOGRAPHY OF SHELLS.

"Cones, which are mostly inhabitants of deep water, are nearly all tropical; their vivid colours seem in accordance with the aspect of vegetation in sunny climes. Cowries also belong to the same latitudes, with the exception of one or two small grooved species that are found on our coasts. New Holland and the Pacific have each their species, and the cowry pantherina is brought in great abundance from the Red Sea. Cymbiums and melons are found in Australia; but the greater number are from the coast of Africa, where they burrow in the sand at low water, and live mostly concealed from view.

"Beautiful volutes strew the shores of Australia, New Guinea, and New Zealand; a few species, those of the Brazils and Ceylon, Timor, and Western Africa. Peculiar as regards their place of abode, they rarely inhabit localities where mitres abound. In the Philippine islands, where Mr. Cuming collected between two and three hundred species, scarcely a volute was to be seen.

"Marginellæ are mostly found within the tropics; while the terebræ chiefly inhabit the eastern world, and are peculiar to warm temperatures, one species only reaching so far north as the Mediterranean. Olives are exclusively confined within tropical regions; and the nassæ are equally restricted to the southern and tropical portions of the globe.

"The magilus especially affects the shores of the Red Sea; the harps those of Ceylon, the Mauritius, and the Philippine islands. Cassides, or helmets, are found in the same localities as the magilus, with the addition of Ceylon and the West Indies. Struthiolaria inhabit the shores of New Holland; and the finest specimens of rostellaria are from China and the Moluccas. Others, unlike the restricted tribes, are generally distributed throughout the globe. Strombi are found in places the most dissimilar, such as the West Indies and Australia, Ceylon, and the Red Sea. Tritons equally reward the labours of conchologists, whether searching for them in the United States or the Cape of Good Hope, along the shores of New Holland, or those of the Moluccas.

"Cancellariæ, chitons, fissurellæ, and many beautiful genera are associated with the memory of the Incas in Peru; they also bring to mind the Gulf of Panama, where pearl fisheries abound; China, with its pagodas and mandarins, the classic shores of the Mediterranean, and the Eastern Archipelago, for such are their favourite localities.

"The Gulf of Tarentum and the coast of Naples and Sardinia afford varieties of porcelain shells, with pectins of all hues. The island of Sardinia is celebrated for a fine species of white oyster; and Corsica, Majorca, and Minorca, for the pinna marina, the silk worm of the ocean. Bright yellow ancillariæ and orange-brown eburnæ are found on the shores of New Holland and Japan; and the solitary concholepas, resembling a compressed cornucopia, has alone been discovered at Peru.

"There is scarcely, on the contrary, any limit to the geographical distribution of the neritinæ, save in the Arctic regions, and cold temperate zones. The genus is represented by a humble but very delicately painted specimen on the shores of Britain; and numerous varieties abound in the West Indies, and throughout the great continent of America. This extensive genus is equally diffused in South Africa and the Eastern world. Magnificent specimens were collected by Mr. Cuming in the Philippines, in Sumatra also, and other islands of the Oriental Archipelago.

"The range of the helix putris is considerably extended, and comprises a great variety of soil and climate, from dark Norwegian forests to sunny Italy, creeping at its slow and stealthy pace throughout the United States and Newfoundland, Jamaica, Tranquebar, and the Marianne Islands. The margin of pools and streams, where aquatic birds resort to bathe and dress their feathers, are his favourite haunts; hence the dispersion of the helix putris is readily accounted for. The eggs, being generally affixed to the stems and leaves of water plants, become attached to the feathers of such birds as resort among them, and are in consequence widely disseminated.

"The helix aspersa, one of the most common among our larger land shells, is dispersed in like manner through places the most dissimilar. St. Helena and the foot of Chimborazo, in South America, reveal its olive-coloured shell, as also the citron groves of Cayenne. But with this difference, it is conjectured, that the species being considered nutritious, were imported from casual ships; their power of sustaining life without air or nourishment during the longest voyages being equalled only by their ready assimilation with opposite climates."

GIFT BOOKS.

Norica; or, Tales of Nürnberg from the Olden Time. After a MS. of the Sixteenth Century. Translated from the German of August Hagen. John Chapman.

Women of Christianity exemplary for Acts of Piety and Charity. By Julia Kavanagh. Smith and Elder.

Alice Learmont. A Fairy Tale. By the authoress of *Olive, The Head of the Family,* &c, Chapman and Hall.

The Reformer's Almanack and Political Year Book for 1852. Aylott and Jones.

Every Christmas Gift Books abound, bright as the holly which hangs over the picture frame, and forgotten as quickly. Many of these books are within the reach of long purses only; many of them are more modest in their claims, and from them we select four as appropriate presents. We first present them to you, and you will present them to others.

Norica; or, Tales of Nürnberg has a quaint mediæval elegance of aspect which not inaptly prepares the mind for its quiet quaint contents. The burgher life of Nürnberg, the reverence inspired by Albert Durer, the pervading passion of Art, the poetical guild of Meister singers, with their Hans Sachs, these and other glimpses of mediæval Germany are displayed in a not very dexterously contrived framework, but are portrayed with an earnestness which carries you on. Not Life and its tumults, its impassioned movements, its grand aspiratings, its chequered incidents, light deepening into sombre shadows, darkness clearing into noon—nothing of the heights and depths of Poetry and Fiction meets you in these pages; but something still, ancient, remote, placid, something of the calmness of sunset, something, too, of the garrulity of old age. It is no more like Fiction than one of those old German towns is like the mighty Mother City. Yet who that has passed a pleasant day (a week would be purgatory) in such an old town, does not remember how charmed he was with the place, its quiet, and its people? One cannot say those people were the greatest one has seen; yet assuredly they were not the least memorable—kind, placid souls! with simple, naïve manners and imperfect teeth! Very much what they are among men this *Norica* is among books. The professed novel reader will remorselessly yawn over its simple pages; the reader who has some culture and less need of stimulus will not despise it.

The *Women of Christianity* Miss Kavanagh introduces to us, will be great favourites with the "Mothers of England." The book is excellent as a gift book, and must be popular among the large class of patrons who seek above all things "good" books. Let us add that while it equals "good" books in the material of which it is composed, it surpasses them in the treatment of that material, being free from offensive prudery and bigotry, and the cant of "goodness." It presents us with biographical sketches of the women who, in the early days of Christianity, gained for themselves a name and a place beside the Saints and Martyrs,—it then touches on the civilizing influences of woman during the Middle Ages, with kit-cat sketches of several illustrious women—after these come the women (better known) of the seventeenth century, from Madame de Chantat to Lady Rachel Russel; and the women of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries close the series. There is a mass of biographical material skilfully arranged here, which will be new to most readers and pleasant to all. We have nothing but praise to give Miss Kavanagh for the style in which she has executed her task. The objections we should make, if our present mood were critical, would be directed against what is almost inevitable in the plan of the work itself, viz., a monotony arising from the compression of all the incidents of the lives into one mould—the disregard of the human feminine traits that are not illustrative of piety and charity. A pious charitable woman is undoubtedly a graceful sight; but, after all, it is the pious *woman* we love, not the abstract *quality*. Miss Kavanagh has not made us fall in love with her *Women of Christianity;* and the secret we take to be precisely that which makes every honest boy righteously hate the "good boy" of his story book.

A wiser and a truer moral pervades the fairy tale of *Alice Learmont*, which has only one drawback, and that a drawback only in Southron ears, viz., the prodigality of Scotch dialect. A new-born babe is spirited away by the Elves, and for a while loses in Fairyland the strong human sympathies and affections which build up a nature higher than that of Fairies. But by degrees the love of her mother awakens the dormant sympathies; humanity begins to live and move a living thing in her bosom, and as it does so her eyes are opened to the false, cold, hollow brilliancy of Fairyland: she learns to see it not as it *seems*, but as it *is*. All the fair wood, alive with flickering leaves and waving plants, had become a forest of bare lifeless trees. The foliage had dropped off the boughs, the flowers had withered where they grew. There was no beauty, no pleasure therein; nothing but discordant voices and a dead blank of sight and sound. The banquet hall had faded into ruins; the dainties were only so many withered leaves; the golden tables nothing but fungi and ugly incrustations of blasted trees; the gay draperies, mere spider webs, flittering to and fro in the gusty wind; the Queen of the Fairies, a loathly, ghastly hag; the rest, a court of withered, worn-looking creatures, that in their uncomely age imitated the frolics of youth. This was Fairyland when the glamour was gone. Home, lit up with the splendours of affection, won her to its nobler hearth.

Is not the idea pretty?—and how essentially

modern! The story, as a mere fairy tale, will fascinate the young (nay, we have absolute proof that it *does* so), and even the old will turn over its pages with pleasure. It is profusely illustrated by a pencil new to us, Mr. James Godwin: a pencil that betrays its fancy and power, even amidst its imitations of Maclise and Doyle.

Last upon our list, and strangely contrasting with the rest, is a modest sixpennyworth of usefulness, *The Reformer's Almanack*, which all our readers should present at least to themselves, if not to others. It contains a mass of information closely packed and well arranged, and will be very useful as an *index to the history of last year*.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

The Works of Sir Thomas Browne. Edited by Simon Wilkin, F.L.S. (*Bohn's Antiquarian Library.*) H. G. Bohn.

Wilkin's edition of Sir Thomas Browne's works—well known to lovers of our elder literature, and finely reviewed by Bulwer in the *Edinburgh Review* some years ago—has fallen into the energetic hands of Mr. Bohn, who reissues it in his *Antiquarian Library*. We shall venture upon something like a characteristic of Browne when the publication of this edition is completed; meanwhile let us mention that this volume contains four of the seven books of *Vulgar Errors* (a strange medley of the "wisdom of our ancestors"), with Johnson's *Life*, and the editor's supplementary Memoir; and let all lovers of the quaint, meditative, and often nobly expressed literature of our Old English writers make themselves at once possessors of the work.

The Orations of Marcus Tullius Cicero. Literally translated by C. D. Yonge, B.A. (*Bohn's Classical Library.*) Vol. I. H. G. Bohn.

We have had occasion both to praise and loudly to blame the Translations which Mr. Bohn has issued in his *Classical Library*. Some of them are carefully, creditably performed—some discreditably. The principle adopted of giving *literal* translation, though infinitely preferable to the old system of paraphrase, is in some cases the cause of a mere schoolboy's version, such as he would construe in class, not such as should be set forth for the instruction and delight of the public. Mr. Burges's *Plato* is a notable instance. This of *Cicero*, by Mr. Yonge, though not so bad, is nevertheless a complete failure, if we are to regard the peculiar charm of Cicero's orations as in any way worth rendering. We cannot say that he has missed the actual *meaning* in those passages we have examined; but he has uniformly missed the grace, rhythm, harmony, and *curiosa felicitas*. This is not Cicero. It reminds us of what Cervantes said of translation, that "it was like the reverse side of tapestry"—the design is visible, but the jagged ends of the thread destroy all our pleasure in the sight. We open at random, and light on this passage:—

"Do you not see in the case of those whom the Poets have handed down to us, as having, for the sake of avenging their father, inflicted a punishment on their mother, especially when they were said to have done so at the command and in obedience to the oracles of the immortal gods, how the furies nevertheless haunt them, and never suffer them to rest, because they could not be pious without wickedness."

We beg Mr. Yonge to read over that passage, and ask himself whether he believes Cicero would have gained his immense reputation for oratory had he turned sentences in *that* style. Yet that passage is an average passage of this translation. If there are periods of more harmonious rhythm, passages of more vehement impulse—if every now and then we meet with something like the colour of the original, we also often meet with passages that are worse. To sum up we say—This version of the Orations for Quintius, Sextus Roscius, Quintus Roscius, and against Cæcilius, and Verres, may be acceptable to those who simply want the *meaning* of the Latin, but cannot be accepted by those who want even a faint reflection of the oratory.

A Treatise on Investments. Being a Popular Exposition of the Advantages and Disadvantages of each Kind of Investment, and of its Liability to Depreciation and Loss. By Robert Arthur Ward, Solicitor. Effingham Wilson.

This is not a catchpenny book, meant to puff certain schemes, but a genuine treatise divested of technical formalities. To persons having capital to invest, or property to sell, it will be very serviceable.

The Domestic Habits of the People. By "Common Sense." With six Illustrations by George Cruikshank. C. Gilpin.

A reprint of Letters which have already appeared in provincial papers on the subject of Temperance, enforced and rendered attractive by six of George Cruikshank's characteristic sketches. The purpose is excellent; but the style is not equal to the subject.

Clouds and Sunshine. A Poem. By John Cameron.

This volume reminds us of a past age, "when George III. was King," and poems disdained a meaner form than quarto. It is prodigal of margin. The verses themselves are the production of a poetical thinker, not a poetical *artist*. We read them with pleasure; but Goethe's remark forced itself upon us, "that men will persist in *singing* when they have really only something to *say*, not sing."

The Arts.

THE HISTORY OF PANTOMIMES.

I have an uncle who has one very funny story (at least he says so) about a duck. It is his only story, and he prizes it like a pet child. Every new acquaintance that he makes is invited to dinner, and on the table there is—inexorable as fate—a duck, which is made to "remind" my uncle in the most casual way of "an excellent story"—to be then and there inflicted on the guest.

In respect of Pantomimes, I am like my uncle with his duck story. I made a great discovery—"Alone I did it"—I elaborated after immense research the real genesis of our English Pantomime. It was a labour of erudite sagacity that Niebuhr himself might have been proud to own. I would say more, but modesty silences me. Having accomplished this feat, you cannot suppose I shall rest contented with simply publishing my history? I shall do as the great Mr. Harrassing Ainsworth does—I shall *republish*, and keep continually republishing it! believing with that great literary authority, that the public cannot have too much of a good thing. Every Christmas I shall reprint the article I enriched this journal with last year. Every Christmas! *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* This is my article, as it appeared last year:—

Did you ever ask yourself the erudite question—How did Pantomime arise? No; never; or, if you did, you fell silent, retreating into ignorance. The fact is that this chapter of Dramatic Literature is unwritten, and the materials for it are not easily to be found. Some years ago I investigated the subject with an ardour scarcely justified by the importance of the research, and afterwards published the results in *Fraser's Magazine*. I will now draw upon that paper for facts, and try if I can construct an intelligible programme of the Genesis of a Pantomime.

A Pantomime consists of a Fairy or Legendary Introduction, and a Medley of Tumbling, Tricks, Changes, and satirical hits at the Follies of the Hour. It is as composite an article as the Christmas Pudding itself. Moving amidst this magic and buffoonery there are the traditional types of Clown, Pantaloon, Harlequin, and Columbine. The historian asks himself—How and where did these various elements arise?

Learned Men—but they are noodles—tell you that Pantomime originated in Greece, was transplanted to Rome (*Attellanæ*), from thence to the Italian stage, and from the Italian to the French. Don't believe a word of it! The resemblance between the Greek or Roman and the English Pantomime is a fiction. The resemblance between the Italian or French and the English is that simply of *names and dresses*. These are, indeed, traditional. But I will sketch their history.

Our Harlequin is undoubtedly the Italian *Arlecchino*, which was the Roman *Sannio* (he is also styled *Zanni* in Italian). The Roman *Sannio* was a buffoon, as we learn by his name (derived from *sanna*, a grimace). His dress was not unlike that of our Harlequin, with this important difference—it was mean and miserable, though variegated, instead of being spangled and splendid: a "thing of shreds and patches." His head was shaven (*rasis capitibus*) and his face begrimed with soot (*puliginé faciem*)—two peculiarities which on our stage are represented by a skull cap and black mask. His feet were unshod; but we case ours in delicate pumps. He had no wand—for the magic element was unknown; but I have no doubt the wagging of his foolish head was the germ of those gyrations of the "human face divine" which threaten to separate it from our Harlequin's shoulders.

Pantaloon is of Venetian origin. *Pantaleone* he is called from *pianta leone* (he planted the lion), and means a standard bearer. But why should the Standard Bearer be chosen as the type of an old fool? Ignorance knows not what to stammer forth in answer. But I will tell you something about Pantaloon which may lead you on the right track. He wears tight red hose and yellow slippers, does he not? They are the costume of the Standard Bearer; and moreover in time they became the costume of Venetian merchants. Now when these were superseded by flowing garments the change, of course, was at first only adopted by the young—the old men stuck to their old dress, and thus the red hose and yellow slipper came to represent an old man, just as our pigtail and knee breeches did a few years ago. Would not "Pigtail" in a farce mean a "heavy father"? Thus—I suspect—did Pantaleone mean a "heavy father" among the Venetians. Pantaloon is the old man duped and laughed at. His dress is substantially the same in Italian, French, and English Pantomime.

Clown is the French *Pierrot*, the Italian *Scaramuccia*, or *Brighella;* but his dress is somewhat different, and in the opinion of one learned in these matters, the change is owing to the immortal Grimaldi, who, to the white flowing robe of *Pierrot* added red spots and cut the trousers short.

So much for dress. Harlequin, however, has not only got spangles but vivacity; the Italian prototype is a dull, heavy lout, who has to bear all the penalties of the Clown's petty larcenies; the kicks and cuffs fall upon him as they now do upon Pantaloon, who has inherited that portion of the business. Clown continues much the same as he ever was, clever, adroit, unscrupulous, and mischievous.

Having thus disposed of the Characters, and shown what is traditional in them, I now come to the piece itself which, as before stated, bears no resemblance whatever to its ancient godfather. The Pantomime is English; thoroughly English. Nor is it of ancient date. But, although the Pudding be a British product, its materials are gathered from far and wide,—from the Spice Islands of the Eastern Seas to the farmyard of Kent or Sussex; and in like manner is our Pantomime only a successful Eclecticism of Cookery. The Characters come from Italy, the Tumbling from France, the Politics from England.

Listen. In 1704—as veridical play bills assure us—a company of French Tumblers performed at Drury-lane with immense success. This of course produced English imitations. To an eye less sagacious than that which is owned by your humble servant, such a fact has little or no significance. But to me . . . .!

Let me place another fact beside it. In 1718, Colley Cibber tells us, the affairs of Drury-lane were desperate. The Italian Opera carried away the town. (Always those "confounded foreigners" who ruin "native talent," you observe!) To draw back the fugitive public, careless of native talent, a pantomime, called *Mars and Venus*, was produced. I believe this is the *first* English pantomime. But do not imagine that it was in the least what *we* call a pantomime—it was a *ballet d'action*—a play in "dumb show." Clown and Pantaloon were absent; magic was not thought of. It was successful, and Rich produced several. In 1723, the magic element begins to appear. Thurmond, a dancing-master, having brought out his pantomime of *Harlequin Dr. Faustus* at Drury-lane, Rich produced a rival *Necromancer; or, Dr. Faustus*, at Covent Garden. The success was prodigious; the rivalry kept London in a ferment. Pope alludes thus to it:—

> "When, lo! to dark encounters in mid air
> New wizards rise, here Boo'h, and Cibber there;
> Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrined,
> On grinning dragons Cibber mounts the wind."

These lines let us pretty well into the secret of what the pieces were like. But as yet we have only necromantic spectacle, not pantomime. Where is Clown? Where Pantaloon? Where the tricks and tumbling?

Now, perhaps, what was visible to a certain eye of unusual sagacity becomes visible to you, good Reader. You see the significance of that fact about the Tumblers? To make a modern Pantomime, what was necessary but to join the tumbling to the necromantic spectacle? and so little art was used in the combination, that a fairy had only to change the characters by a motion of her wand, and Harlequin sprang splendid upon the stage, feet quivering, head gyrating, and wand waving! or Clown threw a summersault and cried out, "Here we are!" The Harlequin, as the favourite of fairies, has a magic wand; this wand suggested transformations; and these transformations soon became political.

Thus arose the English Pantomime. Two Clowns have recently been introduced at some theatres where two "tumblers" were engaged; or else an "attendant sprite" has followed the frolics of the fantastic four. Dioramas and Panoramas have been called to lend their aid; and it is now difficult to say what a Pantomime is *not*. Vivian.

Portfolio.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself.—Goethe.

THE GAME AT SPECULATION.

EPISODE IN OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, December 18.

A friend at the Gymnase sent me a stall the night before last to see *Mercadet*, from De Balzac's play so admirably adapted for our stage by our witty and civil friend, Slingsby Lawrence, and so great a hit for Charles Mathews. I never enjoyed a play so much as *Mercadet*, and I am ashamed to say how incontinently I screamed, almost without intermission, during its three acts. Fortunately the whole house (which was crammed) did the same. Every word shot home, like a poisoned arrow. Yet everybody seemed to enjoy whilst smarting under the wound. There were the very men whose way of life the play exposed, writhing with pain and laughter in their seats. "Quelle moralité pardieu"! (I heard one mutter.) *Mais c'est que c'est vrai!* Next to me was an old Swiss gentleman who fell into conversing with me between the acts, on the state of France, on the corruption of French society, and on the political changes he had seen. He told me he remembered as

a youth having the "Girondins" pointed out to him in the streets. This old gentleman looked to me the very type of old Paris.

I shall have much to say to Slingby Lawrence himself on the perfect—absolutely *perfect*—acting of Geoffroy as Mercadet, and, indeed, of the whole caste; and a few hints to offer as to the acting at the Lyceum. But I may tell you, without flattering our friend, that I was more struck at the wonderful adaptation to English society he has made of this monumental satire on the French Haute Bourgeoisie, when I saw the original play acted, than when I read it in England. His rewriting of the play for the English stage in thirteen hours is little less than a miracle! But I want to say how the audience caught at two or three "mots" in the play, *apropos* to existing circumstances, such as "Ils ressemblent à ces vieux soldats qui *attendent toujours Napoléon.*" This was received with a shout of laughter. And at these words, "Le succès! ah! de combien d'infamies se composet! ils souvent"! there was an audible "frisson" through the audience; for the success of the *coup d'état* was accomplished by how foul a murder in cold blood of three thousand inoffensive persons—besides I know not how many shot at dusk on a foggy evening, in the Champ de Mars!

It seems that Balzac left *Mercadet* as a five-act comedy; but one act, of which the scene was laid at *the Bourse*, was thought a little "trop hazardé," so it was cut down to three.

But what a merciless dissection of this French society: *rotten to the very core, a whited sepulchre!* To this deep decomposition all the materializing, corrupting policy of Louis Philippe lent its whole power. There is no soul left but in the *working people*, and even they have tasted the poison of materialist doctrines. Whoever has seen the profound and terrible corruption will not be surprised at the revolutionary elements that exist, or at the panic-struck servility of the middle and upper classes here; the disposition to accept of any strong yoke that will keep things as they are; the true Utopians! I have no space to do more than *suggest* to you all the thoughts that spring from these considerations. I should like all France to see *Mercadet* acted; it is the best of sermons. I hope all England will see the *Game of Speculation.*

Le Chat Huant.

European Democracy.

This page is accorded to an authentic Exposition of the Opinions and Acts of the Democracy of Europe: as such we do not impose any restraint on the utterance of opinion, and, therefore, limit our own responsibility to the authenticity of the statement.

[In our number of July 19 last, we not only gave insertion to the address of the *Central European Democratic Committee* to the Roumains, but moreover accompanied it with a brief explanation, who and what those Roumains were: we now give the answer of their *National Committee*, which, being a complete adhesion to the policy and principles of European Democracy, shows at the same time the aspirations and tendencies of that People.]

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE ROUMAINS

To the Members of the Central European Democratic Committee.

Citizens,—Your appeal was listened to by the Roumains. Your prophetic voice has already re-echoed throughout the land of the Roumains, and that land of believers has heaved with joy. Yes, we have received your sacred words with transport, with faith; and the faith of a Roumain is great, for his long martyrdom has purified and consolidated it.

It is already 18 centuries that we have suffered, worked, and silently struggled, never having forgotten *that we are called to represent in the bosom of Eastern Europe the thought of individual liberty and collective progress, which has consecrated us Europeans to be the apostles of humanity: that we are the van-guard of the Græco-Latin race, and that we ought to be one of the links of junction, destined to unite our race with those of the Sclavonians and Magyars.* No, even in our worst days we never doubted our great mission to mankind.

Forgotten, mistaken by the western Peoples, by our brethren of the blood of the Latin family, miscomprehended by the eastern Peoples, harassed by our neighbours, abandoned, we marched steadily onwards through the innumerable storms which Asia gathered around us. Each blow inflicted upon us, each wound received, elevated us, and the inflictor too—for by his aims he came into contact with civilisation. The profound isolation and the imminent dangers we had daily to contend with, far from abating our courage, unceasingly reminded us *that we were of the race of those who never perish, and the descendants of that People which had impressed the world, on the great road of European civilization, with its gigantic stamp.* Those sufferings, moreover, daily confirmed us in the instinct of a Roumain, that nothing we might do could be lost to mankind, and that the time will come when it (mankind) shall value each drop of that blood we have shed. For our heart told us that God—that guide who never errs, that witness who overlooks nothing—traced our route with his Almighty finger, and his eye followed our steps. That time has come. You, now, representatives of European Democracy, give evidence before mankind of our efforts and of our rights. Citizens, by verifying the accumulated treasures which every People contains in itself, you teach us the secret of our nigh victory—you give to all of us the consciousness of our collective strength.

Mankind at last reëchoes through you the so oft-repeated cry of *Fraternity!* In the name of Frenchmen, Italians, Poles, and Germans, you call us your brethren. Thank you, brothers; for up to this moment we have felt our life but through isolation and suffering. Yes, this very cry we uttered in 1848, as also at any other great historical epoch. Whenever a ray enlightened the horizon of a People, we hoped that it would pierce the dense cloud which prevented the nations from knowing and from fraternizing with each other, and we hastened to recognize in them our brethren.

You now know that the God we worshipped in 1848 was not the God of physical force, *i.e.* the God of the Romans, in whose name, however, we have once filled the world with marvels. The scymetar of the Mussulman has blunt itself against our breasts, and, as you know, was thus prevented from reaching you, who live in the West. The God we Christians worship has exalted us by the martyrdom of several centuries, and in 1848 our God was the God of justice, the God of mankind. In 1848, since the first day of our Democratic revolution, we unanimously proclaimed, besides the sovereignty of all, justice for all, fraternity amongst all. But the time was not yet come; our neighbours had not yet understood us. Even you, Peoples of Western Europe, you great Peoples, were not yet ready for the grand consecration of Fraternity.

Doubtless, all the Peoples have suffered; but, in order to have fraternized in 1841 in happiness, we ought to have first walked side by side in misfortune.

Yes, the great Democratic communion required simultaneous suffering and a common preparation, and then the great mourning which expended itself from one extremity of Europe to the other, the last three years of sorrow and blood, might have been averted. But they are passed; from the intense evil we foresee the hour of deliverance; from the intense darkness which is overwhelming us, and the coldness which seized us in our dungeons, we feel that the aurora will ere long dawn upon us; we see it coming; we have again seized our banner, and we wave it over the heads of our neighbours, that they too may be in readiness, lift up their eyes and behold the first ray of a new light behind the rainbow of suffering Humanity, peering through the three colours on which the Roumain has inscribed with letters of fire: *Justice—Fraternity.*

Have confidence, brethren; this time we shall all be united; we shall march together, Hungarians, Sclavonians, Greeks: they will all join us to struggle in the holy crusade of Democracy; for we shall not combat for our own sake, we shall combat for the rights of all; the enemy of right, whoever he be, shall be *our* enemy, for our motto is: *one for all, all for one;* our desire is liberty, equality, justice for all; we wish that every population, as well as each individual, be entitled to freely choose its city; and, should the fixation of territorial boundaries create litigation, it is not (were we even ten times stronger) the sword, not brutal force that shall decide; it will be right that will be the mediator; it will be the future congress of European Democracy, such as you in your sagacious foresight propose to us in advance, and to the verdicts of which we from this moment readily submit. Our neighbours will likewise submit; do not doubt it. At this hour they all know that against brutal force there will always be still greater brutal force to oppose, and that the power of right alone is invincible, for there is no right against right.

"The great Danubian Federation will be a fact of our epoch," you say. Yes, for the liberty of the Danubian populations will be a fact of our epoch. In the view of self-preservation, and the development of well-being, *association* becomes an imperious law to all animated beings: to man, considerations of a higher moral order render it still more imperious; but liberty is to such an extent our essence, that even individuals or Peoples, who by their nature are sympathetic, and are attracted towards each other, reciprocally repel each other, under the pressure of power. Without liberty no association is possible; whilst with liberty the Peoples, "those individuals of Humanity," will link the individuals who associate, according to their inclination and their wants, in a common interest, group themselves around each other, according to their geographical position and affinities. As every People possesses some aptitudes of its own, and a special mission to accomplish in this world, and as the Peoples belonging to the same race have some affinities between each other, and similarities which they do not share with Peoples of different races, it is the interest of all that every nation should reunite all its parts in a concentrated whole, strongly organise itself, indefinitely develope its individuality, and harmonize it with that of other nations of the same race; thus preventing the forces of mankind from being scattered about, and from being neutralized by ill-assorted alliances. Hence the thought which guides us Roumains in all our acts is to unite ourselves in an indivisible whole, and to establish a community of thought and action among us, Italians, French, Spaniards, and our other brethren of the same race living in the new world, and at the same time to form a great fraternal association with the populations whom chance has placed near us, in order to render the relations between the Peoples more facile, and to increase our mutual resources.

Let no fear creep into the bosoms of our neighbours! The Danubian Federation, or, if you like it better, the close alliance of the Danubian Peoples, will not be a universal society, a community of property. In our association every member will continue to enjoy a free disposition of his resources; he will only be answerable for his share in the engagement. Every one will preserve his individuality, his proper action. We shall not imitate models of the past, in which weak nationalities, confederated, intermingled, almost absorbing themselves reciprocally, merely to resist powerful enemies. Thanks to God, our nationalities are distinct, well characterized and strongly established; thanks to God, the barbarians no longer menace us with their invasions, for the sun of civilization already extends its genial rays very far beyond our southern frontiers, and the solidarity of all Peoples will soon protect the right of each. Besides, we are ourselves a living proof that a People which is conscious of its own providential destiny, which understands and performs its mission in this world, cannot perish. The People which made its chord vibrate, and has already flung its note into the grand symphony of mankind, performed under the finger of the Almighty, is imperishable. To doubt it would be to despair of humanity, nay, of its Creator.

Meanwhile, before the day of political and social reconstruction of the Peoples arrives, we watch; we watch, we organize our forces, and proportion them to those of our neighbours for the great battle of victory we soon shall fight; for this time we must vanquish.

Banish all fear, then, brethren; the Czar and the Emperor of Austria cannot deceive us. We have unmasked them, and show them in all their ugliness and impotency to the Peoples, whom they could still seduce or intimidate. And this is the reason why they are so enraged against us. But never mind, our turn will come to-morrow, and woe to them, for we shall be just.

Put your faith in us, brethren, as we do in you; the Roumani shall not deceive the hopes which European Democracy has placed in him; we have already built the new arches of the Trajan bridge, and the first cry of victorious Democracy will rend the veil which now hides it from the jealous eye of the tyrants, and the bridge of the People's holy alliance will appear resplendent with beauty and strength; for the cement used in its construction was moistened with the blood of our martyrs, and burnt in the ardent furnace of our souls; it will be the symbol of the great European fraternity. We have almost accomplished our task, and we will entirely achieve it, doubt not, brethren . . . . we will achieve it, for our own conscience commands it, mankind invites us, and God wills it.

In conformity with the original,
Sept. 11, 1851. D. Bratiano.

Organizations of the People,

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

ENGLISH SYMPATHY FOR FRENCH REPUBLICANS.

To all practical purposes of the period in which we live, Kossuth rightly defined "politics" as being "the science of exigencies"—and he who does not treat politics as such, must take his place either in the ranks of the dreamers or the obstructives. To many straightforward persons every suggestion of policy appears as the suggestion of trick. The great politician whose words are quoted above, cannot be supposed to mean anything of that kind by the definition he gave. His own heroic career is a sufficient denial of such a supposition. By political policy is meant wise and honest calculation—not manœuvre—and only by sensible and veracious calculation can a politician among us advance his views. He who calculates by tricks, deserves to fail; and he who does not calculate as a true man, blunders, and will fail sooner or later, whether he deserves it or not.

At the present hour, thoughtfulness is again much needed. The recent events in France awaken emotions which language cannot adequately utter; but out of all that is felt by the people, only so much should be expressed as will, in this time of excitement, be adequately and justly understood. The meeting held at the National-hall last week, to express sympathy for the French people, is an

instance of want of this consideration. A resolution was proposed by those who convened the meeting, which expressed in firm and decided language the public opinion of the working classes upon the "heartless" means to which the "Friends of Order" in Paris had had recourse. Another resolution was recommended to the meeting, in which the utmost strength of denunciation was employed, and this strength of language was unwise, because liable to be misunderstood, and, indeed, used against the very people it was ostensibly intended to serve. In a time of excitement words imply much more than their strict import warrants, and a man who uses them is responsible for the sense in which he sees they will be understood when he has employed them. At such times very measured and moderate language will mean more than the most violent exaggerations in calmer periods. The Parisian despots at this moment are justifying themselves by reference to the supposed excesses of their opponents. This is notorious; and every strong expression of even natural indignation will be interpreted by them into a new sign of the existence of the fatal spirit to which they pretend to oppose themselves; and it will seem so to all who cannot know the exact truth, to all who are timid, to all who believe in the said "Friends of Order." To employ such language, therefore, as shall afford these persons the pretexts they seek, is (however honestly intended) simply to play into their hands; is simply to do their work gratuitously. Three or four public men in this country, who from their reputation are supposed to represent the working classes of England, pursuing this course at half a dozen public meetings, will be worth their weight in Russian gold to the enemies of liberty and democracy on the Continent. Their speeches here will be quoted there, and they will serve the same bad cause which was served so well in 1848, on the 10th of April, in London, when Chartism before gave Louis Napoleon the opportunity of swaggering with a constable's staff. The parties who do this work are not paid for it—they are too honest to admit of that idea—but if those they unwittingly serve were not ungrateful, they would be offered the reward they nevertheless contrive to merit.

Excess of language—that is, the *practical* excess of language, which has been used, and is likely to be used for some time to come in this country, is also an injustice to the intelligent working class politicians of England, who are temperate in their censures, just in their demands, and, at the same time, *firm* in their maintenance of them. Facts at hand might teach us the truth of these representations. Do we not know that the coal whippers of the metropolis are extremely proud of their having turned out to a man, on the 10th of April, 1848, and become special constables for the "maintenance of law and order" on the day of the "Chartist Demonstration"? Yet, observes Mr. Herbert Spencer, it has been shown that these same unskilled labourers constitute the most immoral class. The criminal returns prove them to be nine times as dishonest, five times as drunken, and nine times as savage (shown by assaults) as the rest of the community. This is said of the *whole* class of unskilled labourers of the metropolis, who, adds Mr. Spencer, "instead of entertaining violently democratic opinions, appear to have no opinions whatever, or if any at all, rather lean towards the maintenance of 'things as they are.'" These are the class of persons who, at this hour, are the strength of despotism in Russia—the same in Austria—the same in Paris. Let us take care that the intelligent, sober, and manly mechanic-politicians of England are not confounded with this illiterate class. But against this we can only guard by imploring those who stand in the position of leaders, to calculate what will be the consequence of what they say when they give the rein to mere denunciation. Let these persons but take the precaution to ascertain out of all they might in truth and fairness say, how much it will be *useful* and accurate and just to utter. There is, indeed, often humbug in prudence, but there is often greater humbug in measureless passion. The humbug of prudence seldom damages any but those who employ it, while the humbug of passion (under the cover of patriotism) nearly always compromises *others*. The instinct of our enemies ought to enlighten us. *Their* emissaries, agents, and spies, never counsel prudence—they always incite violent speeches, and recommend rash measures. Let those whom we know to be our friends, not act the part of our enemies. There is grave reason for these words at this hour.

Ion.

National Charter Association.—The Executive met on Wednesday. The suggestion of the Delegate Council, that each of "the metropolitan localities should elect one delegate to scrutinize the votes received for the future Executive," was agreed to. In consequence of a passage in Mr. O'Brien's *European Notes*, the secretary was instructed to announce that votes received on his behalf could not be recognized. *Candidates nominated for the future Executive*:—Feargus O'Connor, Ernest Jones, G. J. Holyoake, Thornton Hunt, Robert Le Blond, James Grassby, C. F. Nicholls, T. M. Wheeler, John Shaw, J. J. Bezer, H. T. Holyoake, A. J. Wood, G. Haggis, J. B. Leno, Gerald Massey, Robert Oliver, A. E. Delaforce, J. M. Bryson, P. M. M'Douall, W. J. Linton, John Arnott, and Arthur Trevelyan. N. B.—The names of J. B. O'Brien and James Leach are omitted from the above list, as they have declined to serve. All votes received after Tuesday, December 30, will be null and void.

Redemption Society.—We intend to open our new lecture-room with a tea party, on New Year's Day. The store is doing well so far. We have reached a sale of £25 per week in our third week. The goods supplied from the agency give universal satisfaction. The letters from the estate report all going on favourably there at present. Moneys received for the week:—Leeds, £3. 1s. 9d.; Building-fund, 6d.; Propagandist-fund, 3s. 2½d.—J. Henderson, Sec., 5, Trinity-square, Leeds.



Open Council.

[In this department, as all opinions, however extreme, are allowed an expression, the editor necessarily holds himself responsible for none.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. It, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—Milton.

A NEW DAILY PAPER.

Birmingham, December 22, 1851.

Sir,—I hail with delight the suggestion of Mr. Stevens, in your "Open Council" of last Saturday, for the establishing of a new Daily Paper to be an organ of the People. As it is, to obtain information relative to the stirring events now taking place abroad and at home, the Democrats of England have to go to sources which they cannot trust; for I believe that, almost without an exception, the daily press only serves its own interest.

Now, I think that it would be quite practicable to start a threepenny Morning Paper, in which the movements on the Continent should be faithfully recorded, and a corps of the most talented writers be employed to comment thereon. But, to give this suggestion anything like a shape, a large fund would be required, for the raising of which there are more ways than one.

I will now leave the matter to the consideration of the thoughtful and influential readers of your paper, confident that, when called upon, Birmingham will be ready to give another proof that it will be Birmingham to the end of the chapter. S. W. Hill.

IS LOUIS NAPOLEON POPULAR OR NOT?

Boyne-cottage, December 20, 1851.

Sir,—Your Summary of the week's news in the *Leader* of the 13th ultimo contained a passage or two which must have been read with pleasure by every "good hater" of Despotism. It was where you stated that Louis Napoleon had already lost his popularity; and that, when he rode through the streets in a *close* carriage escorted by soldiers, he was received in *dead silence;* no cry of any kind being raised, no hat taken off, no sign made: this statement being the result of your own personal observation on the spot.

After this agreeable information, I confess I was not at all prepared to read the following words yesterday, in a letter from a correspondent well versed in French history, literature, and politics:—

"I have letters from three friends in Paris. It is certain that the people is with him (the President). The ouvriers, so far from joining the men of the barricades, assisted spontaneously in demolishing them. The confidence in Paris is absolute; and the funds (after all, the pulse of the nation) show, by their extraordinary buoyancy, the confidence of the moneyed and mercantile world."

The same correspondent, upon the authority of a friend in Paris—a name eminent in poetry, had informed me of Louis Napoleon's popularity prior to the *coup d'état*, It was stated that, when in a close carriage (so that his present mode of conveyance, by the way, is not without precedent), so many nosegays and petitions were thrown into the windows that he could hardly get out. The writer of the letter had lately seen him, laughing and disengaging himself as best he could, in the courtyard of an hotel.

Was it upon the strength of this popularity that he dared, and succeeded in, his *coup d'état?* Almost every one with whom I converse, to my surprise and sorrow, not to say disgust, approves and justifies, rather than denounces, this said *coup d'état;* and the cant phrase, "He has saved society," is on every lip. If to dragoon a whole people into silence and submission to the will of one man be to save society, its salvation, in my opinion, is hardly worth the cost. But, be this as it may, what I want to get at is the truth. I want to know if Louis Napoleon be really popular or not. As a lover of the truth,—as one ever fearful of confounding the limits of right and wrong—as one who will not, and who cannot, extenuate, much less justify, a barefaced and deliberate breach of a solemn oath, and a contradiction, in act, of every previous liberal profession and declaration,—I should bitterly grieve to think that the French people could love, or even long tolerate, a forsworn tyrant stained with the blood of his butchered fellow-countrymen. Who that reads of the wholesale seizure of merely suspected revolters against his usurped autocracy, and of their subsequent massacre in the Champs de Mars during two hours of the night, can, without doing violence to their better natures and stifling the remonstrances of conscience, find a word to say in favour of a man who commanded, or, at the very least, connived at, these atrocities? Under these circumstances, any additional arguments or evidence you could adduce to prove that the French are not this base people who are willing to kiss and slaver the foot that spurns and presses them to the ground, would be a relief to my mind, and welcome, I should think, to every man who, free himself, wishes nothing more ardently than the freedom and happiness of his fellow-creatures.

I am, Sir, your obedient and obliged,
Thomas Noel.

THE POWER OF EDUCATION.

Letter V.

London, November 27, 1851.

Sir,—It is so extremely important that the injurious effects of the free-will supposition should be clearly seen, that before concluding these letters I will briefly restate the simple facts which I endeavoured to make obvious in my last.

1. In respect to the Perceptive powers. Man is made by this error to continue blind to facts of deep moment continually occurring within him and around him; to look for the causes of human feelings, convictions, and conduct in a false direction; to be unable to perceive the true causes; and to believe them to exist in a power which has no existence. It is obvious that while the perceptive powers are thus mystified, misled, and deceived, they must be kept in a weak and very imperfectly developed condition.

2. In relation to the Reasoning powers. Man is thus made to reason respecting human nature and human proceedings upon false data; to be unconscious of the discrepancies which exist between these data and facts which to some extent he is obliged to see; or, when not so unconscious, to believe inconsistencies; and to judge erroneously on these subjects. It is obvious that his reasoning powers, by being thus mystified and falsely directed, must be much injured, and their usefulness very materially impared.

3. In relation to the Moral feelings. Man being thus made to infer that his fellow beings have demerit, and deserve vindictive punishments when they are bad, and that they have merit, and deserve artificial rewards when they are good—he is thereby caused, as a natural and consistent consequence, to be on the one hand uncharitable, unkind, and often cruel in the extreme; and on the other, self-conceited and arrogant. His moral feelings are thus deeply injured and perverted, and even kind intentions and the disposition to justice are thus made to produce, practically, unkindness and injustice; and repulsive feelings, disunion, hatred, and anger, are thus continually created and fomented.

4. In relation to the practices of society and educational results. A medley of erroneous and highly injurious ideas, feelings, and practices, and of corresponding arrangements, is thus produced throughout society—in religion, morals, laws, education, and general proceedings; and a society so constituted naturally reproduces its own image in those whom it educates, modified more or less by peculiarities of individual original constitution, and of individual external circumstances. And these educational results must always be produced, unless, by some peculiar internal or external cause, the individual is enabled to obtain a knowledge of the facts which demonstrate the error of the free-will supposition and the true nature and importance of the consequences which emanate from this supposition, and from the knowledge of the opposite truth.

But when society shall have been made to consist of persons possessed of this knowledge, and who reason, feel, and act in accordance with it, and when, in consequence, its institutions and arrangements shall have been made to be correspondingly wise and beneficial, such a society will naturally reproduce in those whom it educates an intellectual and moral character similar to its own; and the modifications then resulting from peculiarities of individual original constitution, or from any other peculiar causes, will be only varieties of goodness and intelligence, as hitherto they have only been, and

could only be, varieties of mental and moral inferiority.

A really good education can only be given by example, treatment, and instruction, consistent in every respect with the knowledge that man is the creature of causation, and by thus teaching and leading the child to obtain nature's rewards and to avoid nature's punishments, which are the divine criteria of right and wrong; instead of coercing or bribing him by humanly invented punishments and rewards, which can only be required to produce unnatural conduct, or to counteract the effects of injurious influences.

A wise system of education would remove these influences, instead of blindly contending against their effects: and then the necessity for artificial rewards and punishments, which, injurious as they are intrinsically, are necessary parts of the existing system, would cease. Restraints, employed in a rational and kind spirit, must be continued so long as previous mistraining shall make them indispensable; but a really good education within a scientific social system will rapidly supersede the necessity for them.

This system, of which Robert Owen is the discoverer, and which is the result of his unequalled experience in education and in the practical investigation of the causes of good and evil to man, consists simply of social arrangements which will exclude all the causes of evil (of which, be it never forgotten, the free-will supposition is the first), and will combine the causes of good in the most beneficial manner for all. And this is the form of association which society will necessarily assume when it shall be enabled to understand evil and good and the causes which produce them, and to comprehend its true and highest interests. But this system will not be commenced by inducing any parties to enter into it in opposition to their wishes and feelings. It will be commenced by forming societies of those who desire to adopt it, not as a component part of existing society, with which it cannot be intermixed, but within new arrangements—separate from, but in friendly communication with, existing society—so long as the desire to continue within the evil circumstances of existing arrangements shall survive to maintain any remnant of them.

It is impossible to do justice to a subject so important and extensive as this within the compass of a few short letters, but what I have now stated will suffice to show—

1. That there have been abundantly sufficient causes for the failure of all past systems of education in the systems themselves, and in the general circumstances of society.

2. That there is a science of education which will enable society to remove these causes of failure, and will make success in the formation of a highly superior intellectual, moral, and practical character in all, except when the organism is incurably diseased, a matter of certainty, like any other scientific process.

3. That the question of man's free will (which is the turning point between the false systems and the true), instead of being a mere metaphysical subtlety, impossible to be solved, or of little practical moment when solved, is a question of science capable of scientific solution, and in its consequences and in the practical knowledge to which its right solution leads, of most momentous importance to mankind.

In fine, nothing is now wanting to open to society a new career of ever improving wisdom, goodness, wealth, and happiness, but that its mental powers should be expanded to the perception of a few simple facts, and that it should thus be enabled to combine in harmonious union the powers of education and of production which are ready for its use. And surely, in these days of mental progress, society cannot much longer continue blind to palpable facts placed obviously before its eyes.

Henry Travis.

P.S. I will add one more letter, for the purpose of briefly stating the leading circumstances in harmony with the knowledge that man is the creature of causation, which are necessary to form the combination of influences, by which alone full justice can be done to man in the formation of his character.

THE ESSENTIALS OF CHRISTIANITY.

Paisley, December 7, 1851.

Sir,—It is obvious to the most superficial observer that, although our professors of religion in this northern portion of the Queen's dominions are a churchgoing people, great Sunday-observers, and, generally, Sabbatarians to an almost Jewish extent, the essentials of Christianity are grievously neglected.

The message which the religion of Jesus gives to the world—of peace on earth, and good will to man—is rarely acted on; and the great majority of professing Christians, in place of acting up to the Divine announcement, deem their religion complete when they attend, as they call it, the ordinances of religion, and declare their belief in the "minute, if not unintelligible, distinctions of religious dogmas." Even in our pulpits, how rarely are broad Christian principles promulgated; how seldom the great doctrine of love to God and man discoursed on! But how often is the time of the clergyman, and perhaps the more valuable time of the audience, frittered away in endeavouring to organize a belief in some narrow-minded interpretation of the words of the Hebrew records of the Jews, or the Greek writings of the Christian apostles!

Verily, there is a lack of spiritual religion among us, in the truest and noblest sense of the phrase!

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

(From the Registrar-General's Report.)

The present return shows that the mortality in London by which recent weeks have been distinguished, still maintains a position which indicates an unfavourable state of the public health. Since the middle of November the weekly deaths have been, in succession, 1132, 1279, 1316, 1194, and in the week ending last Saturday, 1206. In the week ending December 18, 1847, influenza raised the deaths in London to 1946; but, if the mortality of that week be excluded from the comparison, it appears that the average number of deaths in the corresponding weeks of 1841-50 was 1060, which, if corrected for increase of population, is 1166. On this corrected average the return of last week shows an excess of 40.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Saturday.

Consols on Monday closed at 97⅛; on Tuesday, 96⅞, the fall owing to the change in the Cabinet; on Wednesday, 96⅞ 97. No market on Thursday. The closing price yesterday was Consols, 96⅞ 7.

The fluctuations have been:—Consols, from 96⅞ to 97⅛; Bank Stock, from 214½ to 215½; Exchequer Bills, from 49s. to 53s. premium.

The official list of bargains in Foreign Stocks on Wednesday gives the following prices:—Brazilian, at 95; Ecuador, 3⅛ and ¼; Mexican, for money, 26⅞, ½, ⅞, and ⅝; Peruvian Five per Cents., 91; Portuguese Four per Cents., 32½; Russian Four-and a-Half per Cents., 102¼; Sardinian Five per Cents., 83½ and 84¼; Spanish Five per Cents, 21; the Three per Cents. new Deferred, 16⅛; Belgian Four-and-a-Half per Cents., 91, 92½, ¼, and ⅜; the Five per Cents., 100¼; and Dutch Two-and-a-Half per Cents., 59⅞ and ⅛.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(Closing Prices.)

	Satur.	Mond.	Tues.	Wedn.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	—	—	214½	214½	—	215
3 per Ct. Red ..	97⅛	98⅛	97⅞	97⅝	—	97⅛
3 p. C. Con. Ans.	98	98⅛	97	97⅝	—	—
3 p. C. An. 1726.	—	—	—	—	—	—
3 p. Ct. Con., Ac.	97⅛	97	96⅞	97	—	—
3½ p. Cent. An.	98⅛	98⅛	98⅛	98⅛	—	97⅛
New 5 per Cts.	—	—	—	—	—	98⅛
Long Ans., 1860.	7⅛	—	—	—	—	—
Ind. St. 10½ p. ct.	—	—	7	7	—	—
Ditto Bonds ..	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ex. Bills, 1000l.	62 p	60 p	—	62 p	—	61 p
Ditto, 500l. ..	50 p	52 p	52 p	49 p	—	51 p
Ditto, Small ..	50 p	52 p	53 p	49 p	—	51 p
	50 p	52 p	53 p	52 p	—	51 p

FOREIGN FUNDS.

(Last Official Quotation during the Week ending Friday Evening.)

Austrian 5 per Cents.	80	Mexican 5 per Ct. Acc.	23⅜
Belgian Bds., 4½ p. Ct.	90	——— Small	26⅜
Brazilian 5 per Cents.	95	Neapolitan 5 per Cents.	—
Buenos Ayres 6 p. Cts.	45	Peruvian 4½ per Cents.	87⅜
Chilian 6 per Cents. ..	102	Portuguese 5 per Cent.	90½
Danish 5 per Cents. ..	100⅛	——— 4 per Cts.	33⅛
Dutch 2½ per Cents...	59⅛	——— Annuities	—
——— 4 per Cents. ..	89⅛	Russian, 1822, 4½ p. Cts.	102¼
Ecuador Bonds ..	3⅛	Span. Actives, 5 p. Cts.	21¼
French 5 p.C. An. at Paris	100.60	——— Passive ..	5
——— 3 p. Cts., July 11,	63.75	——— Deferred ..	—

CORN EXCHANGE.

Mark-lane, Friday, December 26.—The trade both here and in the country has been characterized this week by the dulness usual at this season. Wheat and Oats are without alteration in value. Barley and Beans are cheaper. In France prices are firm. The weather in the North of Europe is unusually mild, and supplies are accumulating at the Baltic ports, still the deficiency in the crops of Rye and Potatoes prevents a decline in the value of Wheat. The arrivals of foreign Wheat into London during the last week have been very trifling; but there has been a large supply of American Flour, which, however, is not pressed for sale. A moderate demand continues for Wheat from this country for Belgium and the Rhine districts.

GRAIN, Mark-lane, Dec. 26.

Wheat, R. New	32s. to 35s.	Maple	29s. to 30s.
Fine	35 — 37	White	28 — 31
Old	35 — 37	Boilers	31 — 33
White	37 — 39	Beans, Ticks. ..	25 — 26
Fine	40 — 41	Old	28 — 29
Superior New	44 — 46	Indian Corn....	27 — 29
Rye	25 — 27	Fine	16 — 17
Barley	20 — 23	Oats, Feed	17 — 18
Malting	25 — 27	Fine	18 — 19
Malt, Ord.	48 — 52	Poland	19 — 20
Fine	52 — 56	Fine	17 — 18
Peas, Hog	26 — 28	Potato	18 — 19

FLOUR.

Town-made ..... per sack	37s. to 40s.
Seconds	35 — 36
Essex and Suffolk, on board ship	33 — 34
Norfolk and Stockton	31 — 34
American ..... per barrel	19 — 22
Canadian	19 — 22

Wheaten Bread, 6½d. the 4lb. loaf. Households, 5½d.

AVERAGE PRICE OF SUGAR.

The average price of Brown or Muscovado Sugar, computed from the returns made in the week ending the 23rd day of December, 1851, is 21s. 7d. per cwt.

BUTCHERS' MEAT.

	Newgate and Leadenhall.*		Smithfield.*	
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Beef	2 6 to 3 4		2 8 to 4 0	
Mutton	2 8 — 3 8		3 6 — 4 6	
Veal	3 4 — 4 0		2 8 — 4 2	
Pork	2 8 — 4 0		3 8 — 4 4	

* To sink the offal, per 8lb.

Head of Cattle at Smithfield.

	Friday.	Monday.
Beasts	272	1233
Sheep	590	12,200
Calves	106	157
Pigs	200	380

THORNTON HUNT'S LECTURE on the WEEK EVERY SUNDAY EVENING.—The Eighth Lecture To-morrow. Topics: Palmerston's Expulsion—Napoleon Elected—Kossuth in America—The Anglo-American Alliance—Manchester Reform—Colliery Explosions, &c. The Lecture to commence punctually at Seven, in the Lecture Theatre of the Western Literary Institution, 47, Leicester-square. Amphitheatre, 3d.; Front seats, 1s.; Reserved seats on Platform, 2s. 6d.

REJECTED ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Advertisement has been refused insertion by the "Lancet," "Medical Times," "British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review," the "Edinburgh Journal of Medical Science," and the "Provincial Medical and Surgical Journal."

ON the 1st of January, price 5s., No. XXXIX. of the BRITISH JOURNAL of HOMŒOPATHY. Edited by Drs. Dyesdale, Russell, and Dudgeon. (Published Quarterly.) Principal Contents:—Lecture III. on the History of Medicine; by Dr. Scott—Dr. Rutherford Russell on Mesmerism—Mr. Leadam on Uterine Disease—Dr. Hayle on Scurvy, Hæmorrhage, and the Homœopathic Law—On the Homœopathic College Question—Dr. Acworth's Conversion to Homœopathy—The Odometer and Magnetoscope—Dr. Ozanne on Metroperitonitis and Ascites—Mr. Sharp on Calculus in the Female—Dr. Walker on Phlebitis—Dr. Wielobycki on Gangrenous Erysipelas—Dr. Russell on the Prophylactic Power of Belladonna in Scarlet Fever—Trial and Confession of Professors Syme, Christison, and Simpson. Reviews, Homœopathic Intelligence, &c.

London: Aylott and Jones, Paternoster-row.

A SPEEDY CURE FOR STONE AND GRAVEL will be sent to any person, by enclosing thirteen Stamps to Thomas Wilkinson, Land Agent, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire.

STRICTURE CURABLE BY A NEW REMEDY.—SEVEN THOUSAND CURED LAST MONTH.

DR. HUGH MURRAY, M.D., M.R.C.S., CONSULTING PHYSICIAN, begs to offer to the afflicted his new remedy, which will effect a perfect cure in every case, without the use of the Bougie. Thousands who, through fear of exposure, are enduring this distressing malady in silent sorrow and misery, will hail with pleasure the announcement of this discovery, which will emancipate them from the thraldom of their misery, in secrecy, without the least confinement, inconvenience, hindrance to business or alteration in diet, or anything that can possibly excite suspicion.

This new remedy will be sent free to any part of the kingdom on receipt of 10s., in postage stamps, addressed to Hugh Murray, M.D., George's-square, Liverpool.

Dr. Murray may be consulted by letter in all cases of secrecy, and will guarantee a complete cure for every case, without the fear of exposure or the necessity of a personal interview.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

EPILEPSY is one of the most afflictive of all human maladies, rendering the life of the patient a burden, and most frequently cutting him off in the midst of his days, and consigning him to a premature grave. As yet no remedy has been brought forward and offered to the public, potent enough to conquer this grim giant of human misery; all that has been devised by the most eminent of the faculty has failed to eradicate the disease or restore health and happiness to the unfortunate sufferer. To such as have yet been doomed to pass their days in fear and wretchedness, after trying every available means, and are now looking anxiously for death to put an end to their sufferings, Dr. WATSON offers his new and important discovered remedy, which during the last three years he has applied in upwards of 50,000 inveterate cases, without a single instance of failure! he can therefore, by its use, guarantee a perfect cure for every case.

Sufferers should immediately write to Dr. W., who will send his new and invaluable remedy to any part of the globe, with such advice and directions as he will guarantee to effect a perfect cure in every case, without the least inconvenience or danger to patients of either sex, or any age. Its efficacy is infallible in every case of Fits, Convulsions, or any disorder of the nervous system. The importance of this remedy is fully established by more than ten thousand signatures of Patients, cured solely by its use, numbering among them many medical men. No letters can be replied to, unless containing Post-office order for usual fee of One Guinea, payable at the Liverpool Post-office, to Charles Vincent Watson, M.D., for which the remedy will be sent free to any part of the Kingdom, and a permanent cure guaranteed in every case without further charge.

Address—CHARLES V. WATSON, M.D., 20, South Johnstreet, Liverpool.

PILES! A positive cure is now placed in the reach of every sufferer from this distressing and truly disagreeable affliction by the use of Dr. COOPER'S infallable but perfectly simple remedy, which may be used without the least inconvenience or danger, by patients of both sexes and all ages, with the utmost certainty of success; and by it Dr. C. will guarantee instant relief and permanent cure for the most aggravated cases of either blind or bleeding piles. Dr. COOPER, Professor of Medicine and Physician Extraordinary to the Eastern Counties Royal Medical Institution, has had 15 years' experience of the efficacy of this remedy, having during that period applied it in some hundreds of inveterate cases weekly, both in private practice and in various Hospitals in England, on the Continent, and in America, and can positively assert that it has never failed in a single case, therefore, he with confidence offers it to the public, and will send it (post free) to any part of the kingdom upon receipt of Post-office Order for 7s. 6d., payable at the Colchester Office, and addressed to ALFRED COOPER, M.D., High-street, Colchester, Essex.

N.B.—In every case Dr. C. guarantees a certain cure for the above sum, his only motive for making this public announcement being purely for the benefit of suffering humanity.

HOFWYL COLLEGE, RIVER, near DOVER.
Conducted by Mr. J. WESTON, M.R.C.P. Established in 1843, to combine the beneficial influences of family and home with a sound, extensive, and polite EDUCATION on very moderate terms, commencing at £20 per annum, to a limited number of thirty-six young gentlemen. The situation is most healthy and delightful; the grounds and land, fifty acres in extent; and the Institution commodiously adapted, with spacious and airy rooms and covered Gymnasium. Each pupil learns drawing, and has a single bed. French and German by foreign professors resident in the family. Twelve young ladies receive, under the care of Mrs. Weston, M.C.P., a superior education, combining with the ornamental the useful part of a young lady's education, so generally neglected in most schools. Terms as above. Prospectuses, containing views of the establishment and locality, may be had on application to either Principal.

PROVISION for WIDOWS and Others, at the Smallest Yearly Outlay.—Annuities are guaranteed to widows and other nominees, upon a plan which secures a larger income than can be obtained in any other way. Example:—A husband aged 35 can secure to his wife aged 30 an annuity of £10 at his decease, for the yearly premium during his lifetime of £1, 19s. 11d., and one of £50, for £9. 19s. 6d.
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TRUSTEES AND HONORARY DIRECTORS.
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Prospectuses with full particulars may be obtained from EDWARD BUTLER, Secretary.

LONDON to DUBLIN (viâ Holyhead) in THIRTEEN HOURS and a HALF.
Three communications daily on week days; two on Sundays. Sea passage, Four Hours and a Half. First class, £3; second, £2. Return tickets (available for a fortnight), first class, £4. 10s. second, £3. Children under twelve half-price.
For full particulars of the booking-through system between England and Ireland, see "Bradshaw's Guide," page 122; "Walsh's Irish Guide," page 20; "Fisher's Irish Guide," page 2.

ENAMELLED DAGUERREOTYPES, by Mr. BEARD, 85, KING WILLIAM-STREET, CITY; 34, PARLIAMENT-STREET; and the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, REGENT-STREET; also 34, CHURCH-STREET, LIVERPOOL.
Mr. R. BEARD has recently introduced an important improvement, by which his Daguerreotype Miniatures are enamelled, and thereby secured from that susceptibility to tarnish and become obscured, which all others are liable to; the colours also attain the brilliancy, depth of tone, and permanency of an oil painting.

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This Company being now completely registered, and the usual notices to Parliament having been given, the few remaining unallotted Shares may be obtained, upon application to the Secretary, at the Offices of the Company, 16 A, Great George-street, Westminster. By order of the Board,
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Containing the necessary means for obtaining further Information. May be had at the following places:—The CENTRAL OFFICE, 76, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square; the Marylebone Branch, 35, Great Marylebone-street; the Manchester Branch, 13, Swan-street, Manchester; the Publishing Office of the Society for Promoting Working-Men's Associations, 183, Fleet-street. Gratis, if by personal application. if by letter, one Postage Stamp.

ASTONISHING, YET TRUE.
THE Stock of BENETFINK and CO., 89 and 90, CHEAPSIDE, and 1, IRONMONGER-LANE, comprises every variety of Electro-plated wares—Chandeliers, Lamps, Tea Urns, Tea Trays, Cutlery, Iron Bedsteads, Baths, Turnery, Stoves, Fenders, Fire-irons—in fact, every requisite, either for the cottage or the mansion, at ten or fifteen per cent. less than any other house in the kingdom.
At this Establishment an eight-roomed house can be furnished for Five Pounds, the articles of the best quality and workmanship.
THE PATENT ELECTRO-PLATED DEPARTMENT
is especially deserving of attention, as every article made in sterling silver is now manufactured in Electro Plate. Our material is a hard white metal, all through alike, and this covered with a thick coating of Silver by the patent Electro process, renders detection from real silver impossible. The prices below for best quality:—
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FIDDLE PATTERN.		KING'S THREADED, OR VICTORIA PATTERN.	
6 Teaspoons	6s. 0d.	6 Teaspoons	10s.
6 Dessert Spoons or Forks	10s. 0d.	6 Dessert Spoons or Forks	20s.
6 Table do.	12s. 6d.	6 Table do.	25s.

TEA AND COFFEE SERVICES IN GREAT VARIETY.

Cot Pattern, richly engraved teapot	23s.	Albert and other pattern Teapots	30s.
Coffeepot to match	30s.	Coffeepot to match	38s.
Cream Ewer, gilt inside	18s.	Cream Ewer, gilt inside	20s.
Sugar-basin ditto	25s.	Sugar-basin ditto	28s.

Elegant Four-glass Cruets, 18s.; Six-glass ditto, 25s.; Table Candlesticks, 18s. per pair; Chamber ditto, 10s. each, complete; Set of Three richly engraved Bohemian Glass Liquors, in elegant frame, 60s.; Set of Four Corner Dishes and Covers, £6. 15s. &c. &c.
THE CUTLERY DEPARTMENT
is also one to which B. and Co. attach the utmost importance, as they manufacture all their blades of the best material, the difference in price consisting solely in the more expensive handles and superiority of finish.
Fine Balance Ivory Table Knives, 11s. per dozen; ditto Desserts, 9s. per dozen; Carvers, 4s. per pair.
A set of Electro-plated Desserts, containing Twelve Knives and Twelve Forks, in handsome mahogany case, 50s.
All orders amounting to £5 and upwards forwarded to any part of the kingdom, carriage free.
N.B.—An illustrated priced Catalogue sent free on application.
89 and 90, CHEAPSIDE.

FRATERNAL FESTIVAL.
THE FRATERNAL DEMOCRATS will hold their Fourth Annual SOIREE and BALL, at the Literary Institute, John-street, Fitzroy-square, on TUESDAY EVENING, December 30, as a Public Reception to G. J. HARNEY, on his return from Scotland. Several of the leading Democrats, both British and Continental, are expected to be present. John Lowry, the celebrated Democratic Vocalist, is engaged; and several other talented friends will also attend and enliven the festival with Songs, Duets, &c. Tea on the table at six o'clock precisely.
Tickets, 1s. 6d. single, and 2s. 6d. double, to be had of Mr. Bezer, 183, Fleet-street; Mr. Watson, 3, Queen's Head-passage, Paternoster-row; Mr. Bendall, Hall of Science, City-road; Mr. Parker, 32, Little Windmill-street, Haymarket; the Members of the Committee; and of Mr. Truelove, at the Institute.

CENTRAL CO-OPERATIVE AGENCY,
INSTITUTED UNDER TRUST, TO COUNTERACT THE SYSTEM OF ADULTERATION AND FRAUD NOW PREVAILING IN TRADE, AND TO PROMOTE THE PRINCIPLE OF CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION.
Trustees—Edward Vansittart Neale, Esq. (Founder of the Institution); and Thomas Hughes, Esq. (one of the Contributors).
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The Agency intend hereafter to execute all orders for any kind of articles or produce; their operations for the present are restricted to GROCERIES, ITALIAN ARTICLES, FRENCH WINES, and BRANDIES.
A Catalogue has just been published, containing a detailed list of all articles with the retail prices affixed, with remarks on adulteration. Price 6d., or sent by post for ten stamps. Also a wholesale price list for Coöperative Stores gratis, or by post for one stamp.
Particulars relating to the Central Coöperative Agency, with a Digest of the Deed of Settlement, are to be found in the printed report of a meeting held at the Central Office of the Institution, to be sent by post for three stamps.
Rules have been framed and printed for enabling any number of families of all classes, in any district of London, or any part of the country, to form themselves into "Friendly Societies" for enjoying the benefit of Coöperative Stores. To be sent by post to parties forwarding four stamps. The Agency will undertake to have certified in London the rules of any society organizing themselves on the above-mentioned form.
Catalogue, Wholesale List, Particulars, and Rules, in one parcel, 1s. 6d., per post.
All communications to be addressed 76, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, to MM. Lechevalier, Woodin, Jones, and Co.

APPLICATIONS OF GUTTA PERCHA.—DOMESTIC, &c.—Soles for Boots and Shoes, Lining for Cisterns, &c., Picture Frames, Looking-glass Frames, Ornamental Mouldings, Bowls, Drinking Cups, Jars, Soap Dishes, Vases, Ornamental ink-stands, Noiseless Curtain Rings, Card, Fruit, Pin, and Pen Trays, Tooth-brush Trays, Shaving-brush Trays, Window-blind Cord, Clothes' Line, Drain and Soil Pipes, Tubing for Watering Gardens, &c., Lining for Bonnets, Watch Stands, Shells, and Lighter Stands. SURGICAL.—Splints, Thin Sheet for Bandages, Stethoscopes, Ear Trumpets, Bed Straps, and Bedpans for Invalids. CHEMICAL.—Carboys, Vessels for Acids, &c., Siphons, Tubing for conveying Oils, Acids, Alkalis, &c., Flasks, Bottles, Lining for Tanks and Funnels. MANUFACTURING—Buckets, Mill Bands, Pump Buckets, Felt Edging, Bosses, Shuttle Beds, Washers, Round Bands and Cord, Breasts for Water-Wheels. FOR OFFICES, &c.—Wafer Holders, Ink-stands, Ink-cups, Pen Trays, Cash Bowls, Washing Basins, &c., Tubes for Conveying Messages, Canvas for covering Books, &c., and Plan Cases. AGRICULTURAL—Tubing for Liquid Manure, Lining for Manure Tanks, Traces, and Whips. ELECTRICAL, &c.—Covering for Electric Telegraph Wire, Insulating Stools, Battery Cells, and Electrotype Moulds. ORNAMENTAL—Medallions, Brackets, Cornices, Mouldings in imitation of Carved Oak, Rosewood, &c., and Picture Frames. USES ON SHIPBOARD—Life Buoys, Buckets, Pump Buckets, Hand Speaking Trumpets, Drinking Cups, Waterproof Canvas, Life Boat Cells, Tubes for Pumping Water from the Hold to the Deck, Round and Twisted Cords, Lining for Boxes. MISCELLANEOUS—Suction Pipes for Fire Engines, Buckets, Communion Trays, Tubing for Ventilation, Hearing Apparatus for Deaf Persons, Balls, Police Staves, Life Preservers, Railway Conversation Tubes, Miners Caps, Thread, &c., Official Seals, &c., Powder Flasks, &c. &c.
The Gutta Percha Company, Patentees 18, Wharf-road, City-road.

STEAM TO INDIA, CHINA, &c.—Particulars of the regular Monthly Mail Steam Conveyance and of the additional lines of communication, now established by the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company with the East, &c. The Company book passengers, and receive goods and parcels as heretofore for CEYLON, MADRAS, CALCUTTA, PENANG, SINGAPORE, and HONG KONG, by their steamers, starting from SOUTHAMPTON on the 20th of every month, and from SUEZ on or about the 10th of the month.
The next extra Steamer will be despatched from Southampton for Alexandria on the 3rd of April next, in combination with an extra Steamer, to leave Calcutta on or about March 20. Passengers may be booked, and goods and parcels forwarded, by these extra steamers to or from SOUTHAMPTON, ALEXANDRIA, ADEN, CEYLON, MADRAS, and CALCUTTA.
BOMBAY.—The Company will likewise despatch from Bombay, about the 17th of December and 17th of February next, a first-class Steam-ship for Aden, to meet there the Company's ships between Calcutta and Suez, in connection with their Mediterranean Steamers leaving Alexandria about the 6th of January and 6th of March, affording direct conveyance for passengers, parcels, and goods from BOMBAY to Southampton. Passengers, parcels, and goods for BOMBAY and WESTERN INDIA will also be conveyed throughout in the Mail Steamers leaving Southampton on the 20th of December and the 20th of February next, and the corresponding vessels from Suez to Aden, at which latter port a Steam-ship of the Company will be in waiting to embark and convey them to Bombay.
Passengers for Bombay can also proceed by this Company's Steamers of the 29th of the month to Malta, thence to Alexandria by her Majesty's steamers, and from Suez by the Honourable East India Company's steamers.
MEDITERRANEAN.—MALTA—On the 20th and 29th of every month. Constantinople—On the 29th of the month. Alexandria—On the 20th of the month.
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